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BATHING IN SALT LAKE

Water Eight Times as Salty as Ocean—Can't Drown.

Bathing in Great Salt lake is an unique experience.

Flights of steps lead down into the water from the interminable platform along which the bathhouses are situated. The water is quite shallow at first and you find a rare enjoyment for a time in wriggling your toes about in the salt that forms the bottom in place of accustomed mud. You are obliged to wade out some distance before you experience the peculiar buoyancy of the lake. First, you feel your feet trying to swim out from under you. You find it more and more difficult to walk. You begin to float in spite of yourself. Then you realize you are nonsinkable. You can't sink if you want to. Throw yourself on your back and sit down or try to swim and you bob about like a rocking chair in a freshet. You feel as though you had been turned to cork. You can't help looking at the phenomenon subjectively. You don't see that there is anything peculiar about the water. It looks and feels like any other bathing water—until you get some of it in your eyes or in your mouth. Then you wish you hadn't come. Ocean water is sweet in comparison. In fact, the chemists tell us it is eight times less salty. You can't drown in the lake by sinking, but you can be suffocated to death, which is just about as uncomfortable and undesirable. We found signs everywhere warning us against being too talkative or too frolicsome in the water. When we came out we brought with us large deposits of salt on our skin. As the water evaporated we found ourselves covered with white crystals. Only a strong shower bath of fresh water or a good clothes brush can put you into fit condition to dress.—Travel.

LINCOLN THE FATHER

Many stories are told of Tad's mischievous pranks, and of his father's close companionship with his favorite boy. Booker records that on one occasion Lincoln came into the telegraph office chuckling to himself over a fairy storybook just some one had given to Tad, who was holding his father's hand as he entered the room. He thereupon repeated the story to the cipher operators. It told how a mother hen tried to raise a brood of chicks, but was much disturbed over the conduct of a sly old fox who ate several of the youngsters while still professing to be an honest old fox; so the anxious mother had a serious talk with the old reynard about his wickedness. "Well, what was the result?" asked one of us when it appeared that Lincoln did not intend to continue his narrative, "The fox reformed," said Lincoln, his eyes twinkling, "and became a highly respected paymaster in the army, and now I am wondering which one he is." The significance of this reference is in the fact that about that time there were rumors of fraud in the paymaster's department."

Much has been said about Lincoln being influenced by his dreams. For instance, it has been stated by good authorities, including members of his cabinet, that before each of the great battles of the war, and also before the occurrence of some other specially notable event in his life, he had a vivid dream which led him to look forward at such a time with great anxiety for the announcement of some disaster or other incident. It is related that on the night before his assassination he had an unusually exciting dream, which he thought was a portent of impending danger of some sort. That he did have this habit of being deeply affected and influenced by these visions of the night is clearly shown by the following telegram:

"Washington, D. C., June 9, 1863.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Philadelphia:
Think you had better put Tad's pistol away. I had an ugly dream about him.
"A LINCOLN."

Here are two telegrams out of a large number in which Lincoln referred to his children in an affectionate manner:

"August 31, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.:
All reasonably well. Bob not here yet. How is dear Tad?—A. LINCOLN."

"September 8, 1864.
Mrs. A. Lincoln, Manchester, Vt.:
All well, including Tad's pony and goats.—A. LINCOLN."

On another occasion Lincoln wrote to his wife as follows:

. . . Tell dear Tad poor Nanny goat is lost. . . . The day you left Nanny was found resting herself and chewing her little cud on the middle of Tad's bed, but now she's gone. . . .

"A. LINCOLN."

The President's affection for his young boy was such that they were together much of the time, even while the father was receiving callers or attending to official business in the White House, and nearly always when visiting the army at the front or in the defenses around Washington. They came to the war department hand in hand many times.—David Homer Bates, in The Century.

A LITTLE SERMON

Bishop Thomas Bowman, on the recent celebration at Orange, N. J., of his 90th birthday, spoke wisely on religious toleration.

"The older one grows," said the famous Methodist bishop, "the more one discredits the little, unimportant, useless things that separate one denomination from another. One fixes one's mind on the great things that bind all denominations together. And they who, neglecting the great things, neglecting charity and brightness and honor, wrangle over small denominational differences, seem to me old men as absurd as the Taoist and the Shintoist.

"Perhaps you know the story.

"A Taoist—I think it was a Taoist—once fell down a well, and a Shintoist or some such person, ran at full speed to his assistance.

"'Oh, brother,' cried the Shintoist, leaning over the well curb, 'be of good cheer. A ladder is at hand, and I shall have you out in a jiffy.'

"The Taoist was paddling about in the dark down below, up to his chin in the well water.

"'No, no,' he grunted, puffing painfully. 'Fetch no ladder, brother. I climb no ladder today, for this is Tuesday, the day consecrated by all true believers to the Most High.'

"Aghast, the Shintoist poured down prayers and arguments into the well; but prayers and arguments alike were of no avail with the devout Taoist. The other, obliged to leave the man to his fate, departed sadly, shaking his head at the sound of the grunts, puffs and splashes which ascended from the blackness far below.

"The next morning the Shintoist returned to the well. He peered over curiously. Yes, the Taoist was still there. The echo of his struggles still rose.

"'Ho, brother,' shouted the Shintoist, 'all well with you below?'

"'All is well,' replied the Taoist, in a very weak voice; 'but I pray you, brother, fetch that ladder at once.'

"The Shintoist threw up his hands in shocked surprise.

"'Fetch a ladder today!' he cried. 'Heaven forbid! Don't you know that this is Wednesday, the Shintoist Sabbath?'

"So saying, the Shintoist departed, leaving the Taoist blowing and splashing in the well."

Rough Remedies.

Mrs. E. D. Martin, of the New York W. C. T. U., has been delegated to open in public libraries a campaign against those novels whose heroes are dissipated, and whose heroines drink champagne and even smoke an occasional cigaret.

"You think my campaign will fail?" said Mrs. Martin the other day. "Well, no doubt it will fail if I conduct it clumsily. I hope, though, to succeed. Women's movements that fail, too often fail through ignorance. We women are too apt to take up a subject before we are capable of handling it. I remember a case in point, the case of a first aid to the injured club formed among the ladies of the village of Paint Rock.

"A physician was one day summoned in haste to the home of a Paint Rock lady. He found her in a shocking condition.

"'My poor friend,' he exclaimed, 'what has happened to you? Have you been run over by an automobile?'

"The lady shook her head on the pillow.

"'No,' she answered, in a weak voice; 'fainted, and a member of the first-aid club brought me to.'"

ON THE TURF.

Some friends of mine went to the track—
And so did I.
They said they'd hit the books a whack—
And so did I.

They talked of "ponies" and the "dope"—
And so did I.
They had their bosoms full of hope—
And so did I.

They had the tips on how to bet—
And so did I.
They knew just where to spread their net—
And so did I.

They said they'd show the bookies what—
And so did I.
They fired their cash in fast and hot—
And so did I.

They said they'd make a killing hit—
And so did I.
They piled it on the favorite—
And so did I.

They smiled to hear the talent talk—
And so did I.
The fav'rite came home in a walk—
And so did I.

At least, he must have walked, because everything that ran in the race got to the wire before he did.

—Judge.

HINTS ON WALL PAPERING

Fine Effects Easy to Attain If Proper Care Be Taken.

When papering a room remember that large patterns and dark colors will make it appear smaller, while a plain or striped paper of a light hue will give an effect of increased size. White, cream, yellow and light blue increase the apparent brilliancy of the light; red, dark green, and blue and brown make the apartment seem darker than it really is. Avoid green, if possible; the arsenic it contains is dangerous.

Always avoid fantastic and highly colored patterns, both for their vulgarity and the impression they make upon nervous persons and invalids.

A high odo or low border will make the room appear smaller, while the smaller these are the larger will the room seem.

A ceiling darker than the paper gives an effect of lowness; lighter, of height.

For bathrooms, kitchens, etc., either paint the walls or get the washable paper, which may be scrubbed as often as necessary. This comes in pretty and appropriate delft and conventional patterns.

For halls it is well to have the lower part of the walls covered with burlap or gunsacking, and separated from the light paper above by a narrow wooden rim.

Flower designs should be used in bedrooms only; elsewhere they are out of place.

Picture borders are best for dining-rooms and libraries.

For reception-rooms a simple moire design in silver or bronze is better than that in another color.

Altogether, the best rule to follow is that of quiet simplicity, and the woman of taste will need but little direction otherwise.—New York Mail.

POCAHONTAS IN LONDON

Shakespeare was yet alive and in more or less active work while this strange procession, which I have described, of natives of Virginia, Guiana and New England, defiled through English ports. Of most of them the dramatist doubtless caught a glimpse. But it was just after his death that the most imposing of Virginian visitors reached London. Pocahontas, the young daughter of the Chief Powhatan, had conceived as a child a romantic attachment for the English settlers, and had (it was alleged) protected more than one of them from the murderous designs of her kindred. At length she joined the newcomers as a willing hostage, and in 1613, when not more than eighteen years old, she boldly defied all Indian and English convention by marrying an English settler. Immediately afterward she accepted Christianity, and expressed anxiety to visit her husband's Christain country. Accordingly, in the summer of 1616 she arrived in the English capital with her husband, an infant son, her brother Tamacoma and some native women attendants.

A splendid reception was accorded the Virginian princess. State and church combined to do her honor. James I received her and her brother at court. They attended a performance at Whitehall of a Twelfth Night masque by Ben Jonson (January 6, 1617), of which they spoke with approval. The bishop of London entertained her "with festival pomp." The princess' portrait was painted and engraved by distinguished artists. Her dignified bearing was generally commended, although hints are given by Ben Jonson that the princess was occasionally seen, to the dismay of her hosts, to enter tavern doors. Her entertainment, at any rate, seems to have been thoroughly congenial to her, and she was reluctant to shorten her visit. At the end of ten months, however, she traveled to Gravesend with a view to embarkation for her native land. But while tarrying at the port, to the general grief, she fell ill and died. The parish register of Gravesend describes her as "of Virginia, a lady born."—Sidney Lee, in Scribner's.

THE WRONG WAY

James E. Brown, of Washington, D. C., is the only man in the world who ever had his leg broken by $1,000,000. Mr. Brown is a clerk in the treasury department, and a $1,250,000 bundle of greenbacks, falling on him from a truck, fractured his thigh.

"Yes, that money came to me," said Mr. Brown the other day, "but I got it in the wrong way, didn't I? Thinking of it afterward, it seemed to me I resembled a good deal the hunter who went out after panther. He too, got something, but him, too, it came to the wrong way. Listen.

"A hunter set out one day to hunt, and a panther set out at the same time to eat.

"'I must have a fur overcoat,' said the hunter.

"'I,' said the panther, 'must have a dinner.'

"Some hours later, in a lonely wood, the panter and the hunter met.

"'Aha,' said the hunter gaily, leveling his gun, 'here is my fur overcoat.'

"And he shot, but the panther, dodging behind a tree, escaped unhurt.

"Then the panther rushed forth before the hunter could reload.

"'Aha, here's my dinner,' said the panther.

"And he fell upon the hunter and devoured him.

"Thus each got what he wanted, the hunter getting his fur overcoat, and the panther getting his dinner."

HOW HE KNEW.

The Rev. D. L. Bass, of Cairo, Ill., has of late attracted much attention through his observations on the kiss, which he has vividly described as "a cloudburst of excessive passion and ecstacy."

Discussing the kiss with a reporter, Mr. Bass said:

"Of course it is not necessary for me to state that I have never personally experienced the terrible and baleful emotions which, in my discourses, I have attributed to kisses of a certain type. We can, you know, understand and appreciate a thing without personal contact with it. Why, only the other night, at a dinner given by a wealthy friend of mine, as a box of cigars was passed about, the host said:

"'I don't smoke myself, but you will find these cigars excellent, gentlemen. My valet steals more of them than of any other brand I ever had.'"

THE MYSTERY

BY

STEWART EDWARD WHITE
and SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

I.
Desert Seas.

The late afternoon sky flaunted its splendor of blue and gold like a banner over the Pacific, across whose depths the trade wind droned to measured cadence. On the ocean's wide expanse a hulk wallowed sluggishly, the forgotten relict of a once brave and sightly ship, possibly the Sphinx of some untold ocean tragedy, she lay black and forbidding in the ordered procession of waves. Half a mile to the east of the derelict hovered a ship's cutter, the turn of her crew's heads speaking expectancy. As far again beyond, the United States cruiser Wolverine outlined her severe and trim silhouette against the horizon. In all the spread of wave and sky no other thing was visible. For this was one of the desert parts of the Pacific, three hundred miles north of the steamship route from Yokohama to Honolulu, five hundred miles from the nearest land, Gardner Island, and more than seven hundred northwest of the Hawaiian group.

On the cruiser's quarter-deck the officers lined the starboard rail. Their interest was focused on the derelict.

"Looks like a heavy job," said Ives, one of the junior lieutenants. "These floaters that lie with deck almost awash will stand more hammering than a mud fort."

"Wish they'd let us put some six-inch shells into her," said Billy Edwards, the ensign, a wistful expression on his big round cheerful face. "I'd like to see what they would do."

"Nothing but waste a few hundred dollars of your Uncle Sam's money," observed Carter, the officer of the deck.. "It takes placed charges inside and out for that kind of work.

"Barnett's the man for her then," said Ives. "He's no economist when it comes to getting results. There she goes!"

Without any particular haste, as it seemed to the watchers, the hulk was shouldered out of the water, as by some hidden leviathan. Its outlines melted into a black, outshowering mist, and from the mist leaped a giant. Up, up, he towered, tossed whirling arms a hundred feet abranch, shivered, and dissolved into a wide-spread cataract. The water below was lashed into fury, in the midst of which a mighty death agony beat back the troubled waves of the trade wind. Only then did the muffled double boom of the explosion reach the ears of the spectators, presently to be followed by a whispering, swift-skimming wavelet that swept irresistibly across the bigger surges and lapped the ship's side, as for a message that the work was done.

Here and there in the sea a glint of silver, a patch of purple, or dull red, or a glistening apparition of black showed where the unintended victims of the explosion, the gray-hued, open-sea fish of the warm waters, had succumbed to the force of the shock. Of the intended victim there was no sign, save a few fragments of wood bobbing in a swirl of water.

When Barnett, the ordnance office in charge of the destruction, returned to the ship, Carter complimented him.

"Good clean job, Barnett. She was a tough customer, too."

"What was she?" asked Ives.

"The Caroline Lemp, three-masted schooner. Anyone know about her?"

Ives turned to the ship's surgeon, Trendon, a grizzled and brief-spoken veteran, who had at his finger's tips all the lore of all the waters under the reign of the moon.

"What does the information bureau of the Seven Seas know about it?"

"Lost three years ago—spring of 1901—got into ice field off the tip of the Aleutians. Some of the crew froze. Others got ashore. Part of survivors accounted for. Others not. Say they've turned native. Don't know myself."

"The Aleutians!" exclaimed Billy Edwards. "Great Cats! What a drift! How many thousand miles would that be?"

"Not as far as many another derelict has wandered in her time, son," said Barnett.

The talk washed back and forth across the hulks of classic sea mysteries, new and old; of the City of Boston, which went down with all hands, leaving for record only a melancholy scrawl on a bit of board to meet the wondering eyes of a fisherman on the far Cornish coast; of the Great Queensland, which set out with five hundred and sixty-nine souls aboard, bound by a route unknown to a tragic end; of the Naronic, with her silent and empty lifeboats alone left, drifting about the open sea, to hint at the story of her fate; of the Huronian, which, ten years later, on the same day and date, and hailing from the same port as the Naronic, went out into the void, leaving no trace; of Newfoundland captains, who sailed, roaring with drink, under the arches of cathedral bergs, only to be prisoned, buried and embalmed in the one icy embrace; of craft assailed by the terrible one-stroke lightning clouds of the Indian Ocean, found days after, stone blind, with their crews madly hauling at useless sheets, while the officers clawed the compass and shrieked; of burnings and piracies; of pest ships and slave ships, and ships mad for want of water; of whelming earthquake waves, and mysterious suctions, drawing irresistibly against wind and steam power upon unknown currents; of stout hulks deserted in panic although sound and seaworthy; and of others so swiftly dragged down that there was no time for any to save himself; and of a hundred other strange, stirring and pitiful ventures such as make up the inevitable peril and incorrigible romance of the ocean. In a pause Billy Edwards said musingly:

"Well, there was the Laughing Lass."

"How did you happen to hit on her?" asked Barnett quickly.

"Why not, sir? It naturally came into my head. She was last seen somewhere about this part of the world, wasn't she?" After a moment's hesitation he added: "From something I heard ashore I judge we've a commission to keep a watch out for her as well as to destroy derelicts."

"What about the Laughing Lass?" asked McGuire, the paymaster, a New Englander, who had been in the service but a short time.

"Good Lord! don't you remember the Laughing Lass mystery and the disappearance of Doctor Schermerhorn?"

"Karl Augustus Schermermorn, the man whose experiments to identify telepathy with the Marconi wireless waves made such a furore in the papers?"

"Oh, that was a by-product of his mind. He was an original investigator in every line of physics and chemistry, besides most of the natural sciences," said Barnett. "The government is particularly interested in him, because of his contributions to aerial photography."

"And he was lost with the Laughing Lass?"

"Nobody knows," said Edwards. "He left San Francisco two years ago on a hundred-foot schooner, with an assistant, a big brass-bound chest, and a ragamuffin crew. A newspaper man named Slade, who dropped out of the world about the same time, is supposed to have gone along, too. Their schooner was last sighted about 450 miles northeast of Oahu, in good shape, and bound westward. That's all the record of her that there is."

"Was that Ralph Slade?" asked Barnett.

"Yes. He was was a free-lance writer and artist."

"I knew him well," said Barnett. "He was in our mess in the Philippine campaign on the North Dakota. War correspondent then. It's strange that I never identified him before with the Slade of the Laughing Lass."

"What was the object of the voyage?" asked Ives.

"They were suposed to be after buried treasure," said Barnett.

"I've always thought it more likely that Doctor Schermerhorn was on a scientific expedition," said Edwards. "I knew the old boy, and he wasn't the sort to care a hoot in Sheol for treasure, buried or unburied."

"Every time a ship sets out from San Francisco without publishing to all the world just what her business is, all the world thinks it's one of those wild-goose hunts," observed Ives.

"Yes," agreed Barnett. "Flora and fauna of some unknown island would be much more in the Schermerhorn line of traffic. Not unlikely that some of the festive natives collected the unfortunate professor."

Various theories were advanced, withdrawn, refuted, defended, and the discussion carried them through the swift twilight into the darkness which had been hastened by a high-spreading canopy of storm-clouds. Abruptly from the crow's-nest came startling news for those desolate seas: "Light—ho! Two points on the port bow."

The lookout had given extra voice to it. It was plainly heard throughout the ship.

The group of officers stared in the direction indicated, but could see nothing. Presently Ives and Edwards, who were the keenest-sighted, made out a faint, suffused radiance. At the same time came a second hail from the crow's-nest.

"On deck, sir."

"Hollo," responded Carter, the officer of the deck.

"There's a light here I can't make anything out of, sir."

"What's it like?"

"Sort of a queer general glow."

"General glow, indeed!" muttered Forsythe, among the group aft. "That fellow's got an imagination."

"Can't you describe it better than that?" called Carter.

"Don't make it out at all, sir. 'Tain't any regular and proper light. Looks like a lamp in a fog."

Among themselves the officers discussed it interestedly, as it grew plainer.

"Not unlike the electric glow above a city, seen from a distance," said Barnett, as it grew plainer.

"Yes; but the nearest electric-lighted city is some eight hundred miles away," objected Ives.

"Mirage, maybe," suggested Edwards. "Pretty hard-working mirage, to cover that distance," said Ives. "Though I've seen 'em——"

"Great heavens! Look at that! shouted Edwards.

A great shaft of pale brilliance shot up toward the zenith. Under it whirled a maelstrom of varied radiance, pale with distance, but marvelously beautiful. Forsythe passed them with a troubled face, on his way below to report, as his relief went up.

"The quartermaster reports the compass behaving queerly," he said.

Three minutes later the captain was on the bridge. The great ship had swung, and they were speeding direct for the phenomenon. But within a few minutes the light had died oiut.

"Another sea mystery to add to our list," said Billy Edwards. "Did anyone ever see a show like that before? What do you think, Doc?"

"Humph!" grunted the veteran. "New to me. Volcanic, maybe."

II.
The Laughing Lass.

The falling of dusk on June the 3rd found tired eyes abroad the Wolverine. Every officer in her complement had kept a private and personal lookout all day for some explanation of the previous night's phenomenon. All that rewarded them were a sky filmed with lofty clouds, and the holiday parade of the epauletted waves.

Nor did evening bring a reception of that strange glow. Midnight found the late stayers still deep in the discussion.

"One thing is certain," said Ives. "It wasn't volcanic."

"Why so?" asked the paymaster.

"Because volcanoes are mostly stationary, and we headed due for that light."

"Yes; but did we keep headed?" said Barnett, who was navigating officer as well as ordnance officer, in a queer voice.

"What do you mean, sir?" asked Edwards eagerly.

"After the light disappeared the compass kept on varying. The stars were hidden. There is no telling just where we were headed for some time."

"Then we might be fifty miles from the spot we aimed at."

"Hardly that," said the navigator. "We could guide her to some extent by the direction of wind and waves. If it was volcanic we ought certainly to have sighted it by now."

"Always some electricity in volcanic eruptions," said Trendon. "Makes compass cut didoes. Seen it before."

"Where?" queried Carter.

"Off Martinique. Pelee eruption. Needle chased its tail like a kitten."

"Are there many volcanoes hereabouts?" somebody asked.

"We're in 162 west, 31 north, about," said Barnett. "No telling whether there are or not. There weren't at last accounts, but that's no evidence that there aren't some since. They come up in the night, these volcanic islands."

"Just cast an eye on the chart," said Billy Edwards. "Full of E. D.'s and P. D.'s all over the shop. Every one of 'em volcanic."

"E. D.'s and P. D.'s?" queried the paymaster.

"Existence doubtful, and position doubtful," explained the ensign. "Every time the skipper of one of these wandering trade ships gets a speck in his eye, he reports an island. If he really does bump into a rock he cuts in an arithmetic book for his latitude and longitude and lets it go at that. That's how the chart makers make a living, getting out new editions every few months."

"But it's a fact that these seas are constantly changing," said Barnett. "They're so little traveled that no one happens to be around to see an island born. I don't suppose there's a part on the earth's surface more liable to seismic disturbances than this region."

"Seismic!" cried Billy Edwards, "I should say it was seismic! Why, when a native of one of these island groups sets his heart on a particular loaf of bread up his bread-fruit tree, he doesn't bother to climb after it. Just waits for some earthquake to happen along and shake it down to him."

"Good boy, Billy," said Dr. Trendon, approvingly. "Do another."

"It's a fact," said the ensign, heatedly. "Why, a couple of years back there was a trader here stocked up with a lot of belly-mixture in bottles. Thought he was going to make his pile because there'd been a colic epidemic in the islands the season before. Bottles were labeled 'Do not shake.' That settled his business. Might as well have marked 'em 'Keep frozen' in this part of the world. Fellow went broke."

"In any case," said Barnett, "such a glow as that we sighted last night I've never seen from any volcano."

"Nor I," said Trendon. "Don't prove it mightn't have been."

"I'll just bet the best dinner in San Francisco that it isn't," said Edwards.

"You're on," said Carter.

"Let me in," suggested Ives.

"And I'll take one of it," said McGuire.

"Come one, come all," said Edwards cheerily. "I'll live high on the collective bad judgment of this outfit."

"Tonight isn't likely to settle it, anyhow," said Ives. "I move we turn in."

Expectant minds do not lend themselves to sound slumber. All night the officers of the Wolverine slept on the verge of waking, but it was not until dawn that the cry of "Sail-ho!" sent them all hurrying to their clothes. Ordinarily officers of the U. S. navy do not scuttle on deck like a crowd of curious schoolgirls, but all hands had been keyed to a high pitch over the elusive light, and the bet with Edwards now served as an excuse for the betrayal of unusual eagerness. Hence the quarter-deck was soon alive with men who were wont to be deep in dreams at that hour.

They found Carter, whose watch on deck it was, reprimanding the lookout.

"No, sir," the man was insisting, "she didn't show no light, sir. I'd 'a' sighted her an hour ago, sir, if she had."

"We shall see," said Carter grimly. "Who's your relief?"

"Sennett."

"Let him take your place. Go aloft, Sennett."

As the lookout, crestfallen and surly, went below, Barnett said in subdued tones:

"Upon my word, I shouldn't be surprised if the man were right. Certainly there's something queer about that hooker. Look how she handles herself."

The vessel was some three miles to windward. She was a schooner of the common two-masted Pacific type, but she was comporting herself in a manner uncommon on the Pacific, or any other ocean. Even as Barnett spoke, she heeled well over, and came rushing up into the wind, where she stood with all sails shaking. Slowly she paid off again, bearing away from them. Now she gathered full headway, yet edged little by little to windward again.

"Mighty queer tactics," muttered Edwards. "I think she's steering herself."

"Good thing she carries a weather helm," commented Ives, who was an expert on sailing rigs. "Most of that type do. Otherwise she'd have jibed her masts out, running loose that way."

Captain Parkinson appeared on deck and turned his glasses for a full minute on the strange schooner.

"Aloft there," he hailed the crow's-nest. "Do you make out anyone aboard?"

"No, sir," came the answer.

"Mr. Carter, have the chief quartermaster report on deck with the signal flags."

"Yes, sir."

"Aren't we going to run up to her?" asked McGuire, turning in surprise to Edwards.

"And take the risk of getting a hole punched in our pretty paint, with her running amuck that way? Not much!"

Up came the signal quartermaster to get his orders, and there ensued a one-sided conversation in the pregnant language of the sea.

"What ship is that?"

No answer.

"Are you in trouble?" asked the cruiser, the schooner showed a bare and silent mainpeak.

"Heave to." Now Uncle Sam was giving orders.

But the other paid no heed.

"We'll make that a little more emphatic," said Captain Parkinson. A moment later there was the sharp crash of a gun and a shot went across the bows of the sailing vessel. Hastened by a flaw of wind that veered from the normal direction of the breeze the stranger made sharply to windward, as if to obey.

"Ah, there she comes," ran the comment along the cruiser's quarter-deck.

But the schooner, after standing for a moment, all flapping, answered another flaw, and went wide about on the opposite tact.

"Derelict," remarked Captain Parkinson. "She seems to be in good shape, too, Dr. Trendon!"

"Yes, sir." The surgeon went to the captain, and the others could hear his deep, abrupt utterance in reply to some question too low for their ears.

"Might be, sir. "Beri-beri, maybe. More likely smallpox if anything of that kind. But some of 'em would be on deck."

"Whew! A plague ship!" said Billy Edwards. "Just my luck to be ordered to board her." He shivered slightly.

"Scared, Billy?" said Ives. Edwards had a record for daring which made this joke obvious enough to be safe.

"I wouln't want my peculiar style of beauty spoiled by smallpox marks," said the ensign, with a smile on his homely, winning face. "And I've a hunch that that ship is not a lucky find for this ship."

"Then I've a hunch that your hunch is a wrong one," said Ives. "How long would you guess that craft to be?"

They were now within a mile of the schooner. Edwards scrutinized her calculatingly.

"Eighty to ninety feet."

"Say 150 tons. And she's a two-masted schooner, isn't she?" continued Ives, insinuatingly.

"She certainly is."

"Well, I've a hunch that that ship is a lucky find for any ship, but particularly for this ship."

"Great Caesar!" cried the ensign excitedly. "Do you think it's her?"

A buzz of electric interest went around the group. Every glass was raised; every eye strained toward her stern to read the name as she veered into the wind again. About she came. A sharp sigh of excited disappointment exhaled from the spectators. The name had been painted out.

"No go," breathed Edwards. "But I'll bet another dinner——"

"Mr. Edwards," called the captain. "You will take the second cutter, board the schooner, and make a full investigation."

"Yes, sir."

"Take your time. Don't come alongside until she is in the wind. Leave enough men aboard to handle her."

"Yes, sir."

The cruiser steamed to within half a mile of the aimless traveler, and the small boat put out. Not one of his fellows but envied the young ensign as he left the ship, steered by Timmins, a veteran bo's'n's mate, wise in all the ins and outs of sea ways. They saw him board, neatly running the small boat under the schooner's counter; they saw the foresheet eased off and the ship run up into the wind; then the foresail dropped and the wheel lashed so that she would stand so. They awaited the reappearance of Edwards and the bo's'n's mate when they had vanished below decks and with an intensity of eagerness they followed the return of the small boat.

Billy Edwards' face, as he came on deck, was a study. It was alight with excitement; yet between the eyes two deep wrinkles of puzzlement quivered. Such a face the mathematician bends above his paper when some obstructive factor arises between him and his solution.

"Well, sir?" There was a hint of effort at restraint in the captain's voice.

"She's the Laughing Lass, sir. Everything shipshape, but not a soul aboard."

"Come below, Mr. Edwards," said the captain. And they went, leaving behind them a boiling cauldron of theory and conjecture.

III.
The Death Ship.

Billy Edwards came on deck with a line of irritation right-angling the furrows between his eyes.

"Go ahead," the quarter-deck bade him, seeing him allush with information.

"The captain won't believe me," blurted out Edwards.

"Is it as bad as that?" asked Barnett, smiling.

"It certainly is," replied the younger man, seriously. "I don't know that I blame him. I'd hardly believe it myself if I hadn't——"

"Oh, go on. Out with it. Give us the facts. Never mind your credibility."

"The facts are that there lies the Laughing Lass, a little weather-worn, but sound as a dollar, and not a living being aboard of her. Her boats are all there. Everything's in good condition, though none too orderly. Pitcher half full of fresh water in the rack. Sails all O. K. Ashes of the galley fire still warm. I tell you, gentleman, that ship hasn't been deserted more than a couple of days, at the outside."

"Are you sure all the boats are there?" asked Ives.

"Dory, dingy and two surf boats. Isn't that enough?"

"Plenty."

"Been over her, inside and out. No sign of collision. No leak. No anything, except that the starboard side is blistered a bit. No evidence of fire anywhere else, I tell you," said Billy Edwards pathetically, "it's given me a headache."

"Perhaps it's one of those cases of panic that Forsythe spoke of the other night," said Ives. "The crew got frightened at something and ran away, with the devil after them."

"But crews don't just step out and run around the corner and hide when they're scared," objected Barnett.

"That's true, too," assented Ives. "Well, perhaps, that volcanic eruption jarred them so that they jumped for it."

"Pretty wild theory, that," said Edwards.

"No wilder than the facts as you give them," was the retort.

"That's so," admitted the ensign, gloomily.

"But how about pestilence?" suggested Barnett.

"Maybe they died fast and the last survivor, after the bodies of the rest were overboard, got delirious and jumped after them."

"Not if the galley fire was hot," said Dr. Trendon, briefly. "No; pestilence doesn't work that way."

"Did you look at the wheel, Billy?" asked Ives.

"Did I! There's another thing. Wheel's all right, but compass is no good at all. It's regularly bewitched."

"What about the log, then?"

"Couldn't find it anywhere. Hunted high, low, jack and the game; everywhere except in the big brass-bound chest I found in the captain's cabin. Couldn't break into that."

"Dr. Schermerhorn's chest!" exclaimed Barnett. "Then he was aboard."

"Well, he isn't aboard now," said the ensign grimly. "Not in the flesh. And that's all," he added suddenly.

"No; it isn't all," said Barnett gently. "There's something else. Captain's orders?"

"Oh, no. Captain Parkinson doesn't take enough stock in my report to tell me to withhold anything," said Edwards, with a trace of bitterness in his voice. "It's nothing that I believe myself, anyhow.

"Give us a chance to believe it," said Ives.

"Well," said the ensign hesitantly, "there's a sort of atmosphere about that schooner that's almost uncanny."

"Oh, you had the shudders before you were ordered to board," bantered Ives.

"I know it. I'd have thought it was one of those fool presentiments if I were the only one to feel it. But the men were affected, too. They kept together like frightened sheep. And I heard one say to another: 'Hey, Boney, d'you feel like someone was a-buzzin' your nerves like a fiddle-string?' Now," demanded Edwards plaintively, "what right has a jackie to have nerves?"

"That's strange enough about the compass," said Barnett slowly. "Ours is all right again. The schooner must have been so near the electric disturbance that her instruments were permanently deranged."

"That would lend weight to the volcanic theory," said Carter.

"So the captain didn't take kindly to your go-look-see?" questioned Ives of Edwards.

"As good as told me I'd missed the point of the thing," said the ensign, flushing. "Perhaps he can make more of it himself. At any rate, he's going to try. Here he is now."

"Dr. Trendon," said the captain, appearing. "You will please to go with me to the schooner."

"Yes, sir," said the surgeon, rising from his chair with such alacrity as to draw from Ives the sardonic comment:

"Why, I actually believe old Trendon is excited."

For two hours after the departure of the captain and Trendon there were dull times on the quarterdeck of the Wolverine. Then the surgeon came back to them.

"Billy was right," he said.

"But he didn't tell us anything," cried Ives. "He didn't clear up the mystery."

"That's what," said Trendon. "One thing Billy said," he added, waxing unusually prolix for him, "was truer than maybe he knew."

"Thanks," murmured the ensign "What was that?"

"You said 'Not a living being aboard.' Exact words hey?"

"Well, what of it?" exclaimed the ensign excitedly. "You don't mean you found dead——?"

"Keep your temperature down, my boy. No. You were exactly right. Not a living being aboard."

"Thanks for nothing," retorted the ensign.

"Neither human nor other," pursued Trendon.

"What!"

"Food scattered around the galley. Crumbs on the mess table. Ever see a wooden ship without cockroaches?"

"Never particularly investigated the matter."

"Don't believe such a thing exists," said Ives.

"Not a cockroach on the Laughing Lass. Ever know of an old hooker that wasn't overrun with rats?"

"No; nor anyone else. Not above water."

"Found a dozen dead rats. No sound or sign of a live one on the Laughing Lass. No rats, no mice. No bugs. Gentlemen, the Laughing Lass is a channel ship."

"No wonder Billy's tender nerves went wrong," said Ives, with irrepressible flippancy. "She's probably haunted by cockroach wraiths."

"He'll have a chance to see," said Trendon. "Captain's going to put him in charge."

"By way of apology, then," said Barnett. "That's pretty square."

"Captain Parkinson wants to see you in his cabin," Mr. Edwards," said an orderly, coming in.

"A pleasant voyage, Captain Billy," said Ives. "Sing out if the goblins git yer."

Fifteen minutes later Ensign Edwards, with a quartermaster, Timmins, the bo's'n's mate, and a crew was heading a straight course toward his first command, with instructions to "keep company and watch for signals;" and intention to break into the brass-bound chest and ferret out what clue lay there if it took dynamite. As he boarded, Barnett and Trendon, with both of whom the lad was a favorite, came to a sinister conclusion.

"It's poison, I suppose," said the first officer.

"And a mighty subtle sort," agreed Trendon. "Don't like the looks of it." He shook a solemn head. "Don't like it for a damn."

IV.
The Second Prize Crew.

In semi-tropic Pacific weather the unexpected so seldom happens as to be a negligible quantity. The Wolverine met with it on June 5th. From some unaccountable source in that realm of the heaven-scouring trades came a heavy mist. Possibly volcanic action, deranging by its electric and gaseous outpouring the normal course of the winds, had given birth to it. Be that as it may, it swept down upon the cruiser, thickening as it approached, until presently it had spread a curtain between the warship and its charge. The wind died. Until after fall of night the Wolverine moved slowly, bellowing for the schooner, but got no reply. Once they thought they heard a distant shout of response, but there was no repetition.

"Probably doesn't carry any fog horn," said Carter, bitterly, voicing a general uneasiness.

"No log, compass crazy; without fog signal; I don't like that craft. Barnett ought to have been ordered to blow the blamed thing up, as a peril to the high seas."

"We'll pick her up in the morning, surely," said Forsythe. "This can't last for ever."

Nor did it last long. An hour before midnight a pounding shower fell, lashing the sea into phosphorescent whiteness. It ceased, and with the growl of a leaping animal a squall furiously beset the ship. Soon the great steel body was plunging and heaving in the billows. It was a gloomy company about the ward-room table. Upon each and all hung an oppression of spirit. Captain Parkinson came from his cabin and went on deck. Constitutionally he was a nervous and pessimistic man, with a fixed belief in the conspiracy of events, banded for the undoing of him and his. Blind or dubious conditions racked his soul, but real danger found him not only prepared, but even eager. Now his face was a picture of foreboding.

"Parky looks as if Davy Jones was pulling on his string," observed the flippant Ives to his neighbor.

"Worrying about the schooner. Hope Billy Edwards saw, or heard, or felt that squall coming," replied Forsythe, giving expression to the anxiety that all felt.

"He's a good sailor man," said Ives, "and that's a staunch little schooner, by the way she handled herself."

"Oh, that will be all right," said Carter, confidently. "The wind's moderating now."

"But there's no telling how far out of the course this may have blown him."

Barnett came down, dripping.

"Anything new?" asked Dr. Trendon. The navigating officer shook his head.

"Nothing. But the captain's in a state of mind," he said.

"What's wrong with him?"

"The schooner. Seems possessed with the notion that there's something wrong with her."

"Aren't you feeling a little that way yourself?" said Forsythe. "I am. I'll take a look around before I turn in."

He left behind him a silent crowd. His return was prompt and swift.

"Come on deck," he said.

Every man leaped as to an order. There was that in Forsythe's voice which stung. The weather had cleared somewhat, though scudding wrack still blew across them to the westward. The ship rolled heavily. Of the sea naught was visible except the arching waves, but in the sky they beheld again, with a sickening sense of disaster, that pale and lovely glow which had so bewildered them two nights before.

"The aurora!" cried McGuire, the paymaster.

"Oh, certainly," replied Ives, with sarcasm. "Dead in the west. Common spot for the aurora. Particularly on the edge of the South Seas, where they are thick!"

"Then what is it?"

Nobody had an answer. Carter hastened forward and returned to report.

"It's electrical anyway," said Carter.

promptitude of your offers," continued the captain. "In this respect you make my duty the more difficult. I shall accept Mr. Ives, because of his familiarity with sailing craft and these seas." His eyes ranged over the group.

"I beg your pardon, Captain Parkinson," eagerly put in the paymaster, "but I've handled a schooner yacht for several years, and I'd appreciate the chance of——"

"Very well, Mr. McGuire, you shall be the second in command."

"Thank you, sir."

"You gentlemen will pick a volunteer crew and go aboard at once. Spare no effort to find records of the schooner's cruise. Keep in company and watch for signals. Report at once any discovery or unusual incident, however slight.

Not so easily was a crew obtained. Having in mind the excusable superstition of the men, Captain Parkinson was unwilling to compel any of them to the duty. Awed by the mystery of their mates' disappearance, the sailors hung back. Finally by temptation of extra prize money, a complement was made up.

At ten o'clock of a puffy, mist-laden morning a new and strong crew of nine men boarded the Laughing Lass. There were no farewells among the officers. Forebodings weighed too heavy for such open expression.

All the fates of weather seemed to combine to part the schooner from her convoy. As before, the fog fell, only to be succeeded by squally rain showers that cut out the vista into a checkerboard pattern of visible sea and impenetrable grayness. Before evening the Laughing Lass, making slow way through the mists, had become separated by a league of waves from the cruiser. One glimpse of her between mist areas the Wolverines caught at sunset. Then wind and rain descended in furious volume from the southeast. The cruiser immediately headed about, following the probable course of her charge, which would be beaten far down to leeward. It was a gloomy mess on the warship. In his cabin, Captain Parkinson was frankly sea sick; a condition which nothing but the extreme of nervous depression ever induced in him.

For several hours the rain fell and the gale howled. Then the sky swiftly cleared, and with the clearing there rose a great cry of amaze from stem to stern of the Wolverine. For far toward the western horizon appeared such a prodigy as the eye of no man aboard that ship had ever beheld. From a belt of marvelous, glowing gold, rich and splendid streamers of light spiraled up into the blackness of the heavens.

In all the colors of the spectrum they rose and fell; blazing orange, silken, wonderful, translucent blues, and shimmering reds. Below, a broad band of paler hue, like sheet lightning fixed to rigidity, wavered and rippled. All the auroras of the northland blended in one could but have paled away before the splendor of that terrific celestial apparition.

On board the cruiser all hands stood petrified, bound in a stricture of speechless wonder. After the first cry, silence lay leaden over the ship. It was broken by a scream of terror from forward. The quartermaster who had been at the wheel came clambering down the ladder and ran along the deck, his fingers splayed and stiffened before him in the intensity of his panic.

"The needle! The compass!" he shrieked.

Barnett ran to the wheel house with Trendon at his heels. The needle was swaying like a cobra's head. And as a cobra's head spits venom, it spat forth a thin, steel-blue stream of lucent fire. Then so swiftly it whirled that the sparks scattered from it in a tiny shower. It stopped, quivered, and curved itself upward until it rattled like a fairy drum upon the glass shield. Barnett looked at Trendon.

"Volcanic?" he said.

"Mine eyes have been the coming of the glory of the Lord," muttered the surgeon in his deep bass, as he looked forth upon the streaming, radiant heavens. "It's like nothing else."

In the west the splendor and the terror shot to the zenith. Barnett whirled the wheel. The ship responded perfectly.

"I thought she might be bewitched, too," he murmured.

"You may head her for the light, Mr. Barnett," said Captain Parkinson calmly. He had come from his cabin, all his nervous depression gone in the face of an imminent and visible danger.

Slowly the great mass of steel swung to the unknown. For an hour the unknown guided her. Then fell blackness, sudden, complete. After that radiance the dazzled eye could make out no stars, but the lookout's keen vision discerned something else.

"Ship afire!" he shouted hoarsely.

"Where away?"

"Two points to leeward, near where the light was, sir."

They turned their eyes to the direction indicated, and beheld a majestic rolling volume of purple light. Suddenly a fierced red shot it through.

"That's no ship afire," said Trendon. "Volcano in eruption."

"And the other?" asked the captain.

"No volcano, sir."

"Poor Billy Edwards wins his bet," said Forsythe, in a low voice.

"God grant he's on earth to collect it," replied Barnett solemnly.

No one turned in that night. When the sun of June 8th rose, it showed an ocean bare of prospect except that on the far horizon where the chart showed no land there rose a smudge of dirty rolling smoke. Of the schooner there was neither sign nor trace.

VI.

The Castawnys.

"This ship," growled Carter, the second officer, to Dr. Trendon, as they stood watching the growing smoke column, "is a worse hot bed of rumors than a down east village. That's the third seagull we've had officially reported since breakfast."

As he said, three distinct times the Wolverine had thrilled to an imminent discovery, which upon nearer investigation, had dwindled to nothing more than a floating fowl. Upon the heels of Carter's complaint came another hail.

"Boat ahoy. Three points on the starboard bow."

"If that's another gull," muttered Carter, "I'll have something to say to you, my festive lookout."

The news ran electrically through the cruiser, and all eyes were strained for a glimpse of the boat. The ship swung away to starboard.

"Let me know as soon as you can make her out," ordered Carter.

"Aye, aye, sir."

"There's certainly something there," said Forsythe presently. "I can make out a speck rising on the waves."

"Bit o' wreckage from Barnett's derelict," muttered Trendon, scowling through his glasses.

"Rides too high for a spar or anything of that sort," said the junior lieutenant.

"She's a small boat," came in the clear tones of the lookout, "driftin' down."

"Anyone in her?" asked Carter.

"Can't make out yet, sir. No one's in charge, though, sir."

Captain Parkinson appeared and Carter pointed out the speck to him.

"Yes. Give her full speed," said the captain, replying to a question from the officer of the deck.

Forward leapt the swift cruiser, all too slow for the anxious hearts of those aboard. For there was not one of the Wolverines who did not expect from this aimless traveler of desert seas at the least a leading clue to the riddle that oppressed them.

"Aloft there!"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Can you make out her build?"

"Rides high like a dory, sir."

"Wasn't there a dory on the Laughing Lass?" cried Forsythe.

"On her stern davits," answered Trendon.

"It is hardly probable that unattached small boats should be drifting about these seas," said Captain Parkinson, thoughtfully. "If she's a dory, she's the Laughing Lass's boat."

"That's what she is," said Barnett. "You can see her build plain enough now."

"Mr. Barnett, will you go aloft and keep me posted?" said the captain.

The executive officer climbed to join the lookout. As he ascended, those below saw the little craft rise high and slow on a broad swell.

"Same dory," said Trendon. "I'd swear to her in Constantinople."

"What else could she be?" muttered Forsythe.

"Somethin' that looks like a man in the bottom of her," sang out the crow's-nest. "Two of 'em, I think."

For five minutes there was stillness aboard, broken only by an occasional low-voiced conjecture. Then from aloft:

"Two men rolling in the bottom."

"Are they alive?"

"No, sir; not that I can see."

The wind, which had been extremely variable since dawn, now whipped around a couple of points, swinging the boat's stern to them. Barnett putting aside his glass for a moment, called down:

"That's the one, sir. I can make out the name."

"Good," said the captain quietly. "We should have news, at least."

"Ives or McGuire," suggested Forsythe, in low tones.

"Or Billy Edwards," amended Carter.

"Not Edwards," said Trendon.

"How do you know?" demanded Forsythe.

"Dory was aboard when we found her the second time, after Edwards had left."

"Can you make out which of the men are in her?" hailed the captain.

"Don't think it's any of our people," came the astonishing reply from Barnett.

"Are you sure?"

"I can see only one man's face, sir. It isn't Ives or McGuire. He's a stranger to me."

"It must be one of the crew, then."

"No, sir, beg your parding," called the lookout. "Nothin' like that in our crew, sir."

The boat came down upon them swiftly. Soon the quarter-deck was looking into her. She was of a type common enough on the high seas, except that a step for a mast showed that she had presumably been used for skimming about open shores. Of her passengers, one lay forward, prone and quiet. A length of sail cloth spread over him made it impossible to see his garb. At his breast an ugly protuberance, outlined vaguely, hinted a deformity.

The other sprawled aft, and at a nearer sight of him some of the men broke out into nervous titters. There was some excuse, for surely such a scarecrow had never before been the sport of wind and wave. A thing of shreds he was, elaborately ragged, a face overrun with a scrub of beard, and preternaturally drawn, surmounted by a stiff-dried, dirty, cloth semiturban, with a wide, forbidding stain along the side, worked out the likeness to a make-up.

"My God!" cackled Forsythe with an hysterical explosion; and again, "My God!"

A long-drawn, irrepressible aspiration of expectancy rose from the warship's decks as the stranger raised his haggard face, turned eyes unseeingly upon them, and fell back. The forward occupont stirred not, save as the boat rolled.

From between decks someone called out, sharply, an order. In the grim silence it seemed strangely incongruous that the measured business of a ship's life should be going forward as usual. Something within the newcomer's consciousness stirred to that voice of authority. Mechanically, like some huge, hideous toy, he raised first one arm, then the other, and hitched himself halfway up on the stern seat. His mouth opened. His face wrinkled. He seemed groping for the meaning of a joke at which he knew he ought to laugh. Suddenly from his lips in surprising volume, raucous, rasping, yet with a certain rollicking devilry fit to set the head a-tilt, burst a chanty:

"Oh, their coffin was their ship, and
their grave it was the sea:
Blow high, blow low, what care we!
And the quarter that we gave them
was to sink them in the sea:
Down on the coast of the high Barbaree-ee."

Long-drawn, like the mockery of a wail, the minor cadence wavered through the stillness, and died away.

"The High Barbaree!" cried Trendon.

"You know it?" asked the captain, expectant of a clue.

"One of those cursed tunes you can't forget," said the surgeon. "Heard a scoundrel of a beach-comber sing it years ago. Down in New Zealand, that was. When the fever rose on him he'd pipe up. Used to beat time with a steel hook he wore in place of a hand. The thing haunted me till I was sorry I hadn't let the rascal die. This creature might have learned it from him. Howls it out exactly like."

"I don't see that helps us any," said Forsythe, looking down on the preparations that were making to receive the unexpected guests.

With a deftness which had made the Wolverine famous in the navy for the niceties of seamanship, the great cruiser let down her tackle as she drew skillfully alongside, and made fast, preparatory to lifting the dory gently to her broad deck. But before the order came to hoist away, one of the jackies who had gone down drew the covering back from the still figure forward, and turned it over. With a half-stifled cry he shrank back. And at that the tension of soul and mind on the Wolverine snapped, breaking into outcries and sudden, sharp imprecations. The face revealed was that of Timmins, the bo'sn's mate, who had sailed with the first vanished crew. A life preserver was fastened under his arms. He was dead.

"I'm out," said the surgeon briefly, and stood with mouth agape. Never had the disciplined Wolverines performed a sea duty with so ragged a routine as the getting in of the boat containing the live man and the dead body. The dead seaman was reverently disposed and covered. As to the survivor there was some hesitancy on the part of the captain, who was inclined to send him forward until Dr. Trendon, after a swift scrutiny, suggested that for the present, at least, he be berthed aft. They took the stranger to Edwards' vacant room, where Trendon was closeted with him for half an hour. When he emerged he was beset with questions.

"Can't give any account of himself, yet," said the surgeon. "Weak and not rightly conscious."

"What ails him?"

"Enough. Gash in his scalp. Fever. Thirst and exhaustion. Nervous shock, too, I think."

"How came he aboard the Laughing Lass?" "Does he know anything of Billy?" Was he a stowaway?" "Did you ask him about Ives and McGuire?" "How came he in the small boat?" "Where are the rest?"

"Now, now," said the veteran, chidingly. "How can I tell? Would you have me kill the man with questions?"

He left them to look at the body of the bo'sn's mate. Not a word had he to say when he returned. Only the captain got anything out of him but growing and unintelligible expressions, which seemed to be objurgatory and to express bewildered cogitation.

"How long had poor Timmins been drowned?" the captain had asked, and Trendon replied.

"Captain Parkinson the man wasn't drowned. No water in his lungs."

"Not drowned! Then how came he by his death?"

"If I were to diagnose it under any other conditions I should say that he had inhaled flames."

Then the two men stared at each other in blank impotency. Meantime the scarecrow was showing signs of returning consciousness and a message was dispatched for the physician. On his way he met Barnett, who asked and received permission to accompany him. The stranger was tossing restlessly in his bunk, opening and shutting his parched mouth in silent, piteous appeal for the water that must still be doled to him parsimoniously.

"I think I'll try him with a little brandy," said Trendon, and sent for the liquor.

Barnett raised the patient while the surgeon held the glass to his lips. The man's hand rose, wavered, and clasped the glass.

"All right, my friend. Take it yourself, if you like," said Trendon.

The fingers closed. Tremulously held, the little glass tilted and rattled against the teeth. There was one deep, eager spasm of swallowing. Then the fevered eyes opened upon the face of the Wolverine's first officer.

"Prosit, Barnett," said the man, in a voice like the rasp of rusty metal.

The navy man straightened up as from a blow under the jaw.

"Be careful what you are about," warned Trendon, addressing his superior officer sharply, for Barnett had all but let his charge drop. His face was a puckered mask of amaze and incredulity.

"Did you hear him speak my name—or am I dreaming?" he half whispered.

"Heard him plain enough. Who is he?"

The man's eyes closed, but he smiled a little—a singular, wry-mouthed, winning smile. With that there sprung from behind the brush of beard, filling out the deep lines of emaciation, a memory to the recognition of Barnett; a keen and gay countenance that whisked him back across seven years' time to the days of Dewey and the Philippines.

"Ralph Slade, by the Lord!" he exclaimed.

"Of the Laughing Lass?" cried Trendon.

"Of the Laughing Lass."

Such a fury of eagerness burned in the face of Barnett that Trendon cautioned him. "See here, Mr. Barnett, you're not going to fire a broadside of disturbing questions at my patient yet awhile. He's in no condition.

But it was from the other that the questions came. Opening his eyes he whispered, "The sailor? Where?"

"Dead," said Trendon bluntly. Then, breaking his own rule of repression, he asked:

"Did he come off the schooner with you?"

"Picked him up," was the straining answer. "Drifting."

The survivor looked around him, then into Barnett's face, and his mind, too, traversed the years.

"North Dakota?" he queried.

"No; I've changed my ship," said Barnett. "This is the Wolverine."

"Where's the Laughing Lass?"

Barnett shook his head.

"Tell me," begged Slade.

"Wait till you're stronger," admonished Trendon.

"Can't wait," said the weak voice. The eyes grew wild.

"Mr. Barnett, tell him the bare outline and make it short," said the surgeon.

"We sighted the Laughing Lass two days ago. She was in good shape, but deserted. That is, we thought she was deserted."

The man nodded eagerly.

"I suppose you were aboard," said Barnett and Trendon made a quick gesture of impatience and rebuke.

"No," said Slade. "Left three—four—don't know how many nights ago."

The officers looked at each other. "Go on," said Trenron to his companion.

"We put a crew aboard in command of an ensign," continued Barnett, "and picked up the schooner the next night, deserted. You must know about it. Where is Billy Edwards?"

"Never heard of him," whispered the other.

"Ives and McGuire, then. They were there after—— Great God, man!" he cried, his agitation breaking out, "Pull yourself together! Give us something to go on."

"Mr. Barnett!" said the surgeon, peremptorily.

But the suggestion was working in the sick man's brain. He turned to the officers a face of horror.

"Your man, Edwards—the crew—they left her? In the night?"

"What does it mean?" cried Barnett. "The light! You saw it?"

"Yes; we saw a light," answered Trendon, soothingly. Slade half rose. "Lost; all lost!" he cried, and fell back unconscious. Trendon exploded into curses. "See what you've done to my patient," he fumed. Barnett looked at him with contrite eyes.

"Better get out before he comes to," growled the surgeon. "Nice way to treat a man half dead of exhaustion."

It was nearly an hour before Slade came back to the world again. The doctor forbade him to attempt speech. But of one thing he would not be denied. There was a struggle for utterance, then:

"The volcano?" he rasped out.

"Dead ahead," was the reply.

"Stand by!" gasped Slade. He strove to rise, to say something further, but endurance had reached its limit. The man was utterly done.

Dr. Trendon went on deck, his head sunk between his shoulders. For a minute he was in earnest talk with the captain. Presently the Wolverine's engines slowed down, and she lay head to the waves, with just enough turn of the screw to hold her against the sea-way.

(To Be Continued.)

WORK.

We thank thee, Lord, for work, that binds our days
Into an ordered plan and keeps our ways
Attuned to system; grasps our scattering powers
And welds them into strength; takes fragment hours
And weaves them into fabrics strong and fair.
What matter if the work we do shall bring
No meed of wealth, or praise from seer or king?
The sculptor, knowing that his dream in stone
May perish ere the last loved stroke is done,
Works on, nor lets that fate his skill impair.

For work is work's reward; the primal curse
A blessing is become; the universe
Proclaims that work is life, and rest decay.
The very birds toil when they seem to play,
Nor flower nor vine their bidden office shirk.
Lo, sweat is better for the mortal brow
Than crowns; for (how we know not, but somehow)
The diadems are ever lined with thorns,
But he whose brow God's bidden sweat adorns
Is blessed thrice—
God gives us daily work.
—W. Kee Maxwell in Chicago Tribune.

ABOUT BUTTERFLIES

Beautiful butterflies, a splendid and silent host, fluttered and floated above the tall white lilies in the quiet garden.

"How lovely they are," said a nature student, sipping his tea; "how very lovely they are, yet the richer their beauty, the ranker their taste. The Purple Emperor, one of the finest butterflies, likes nothing for dinner so well as a dead cat—a cat five or six days dead.

"Other beautiful butterflies subsist upon spoiled fruit. Fresh fruit they won't look at. It must be falling to pieces with rottenness.

"Even in their drink some of the loveliest butterflies have a perverted taste. Turning scornfully from dewy rose petals and from crystal springs, they seek out the vilest, foulest puddles whereat to quench their thirst.

"And nearly all butterflies are drunkards. Collectors entrap them by means of stale beer mixed with molasses. This they smear on the boles of trees. Unable to resist the dose, the most respectable butterflies—fathers of families, capitalists, elderly matrons—get hopelessly drunk, and in the midst of their wild, silent orgy are crammed in big handfuls into the collector's pouch."

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Farmstead

Questions for Answer.

The following questions are submitted to readers to answer. We do this in the hope of getting the results of actual and successful experience, which will be the most valuable answers possible.

I have a Jersey cow that gives lumpy, stringy milk at times. Will some reader of Farmstead tell me what is the cause, and what to do for her?—C., Nashville, Ind.

Will somebody please tell me how to make sole leather firm and solid after it has been tanned with oak bark, so that it will turn weather, same as factory leather?—S., White Pine, W. Va.

How to Weigh a Haystack.

H., McCracken, Pa.: To weigh a haystack, measure the length and breadth of the stack; take height from the ground to the eaves, add to this last one-half of the height from the eaves to the top; multiply length by breadth, and the height, all expressed in feet; divide the amount by 27, to find the cubic yards, which multiply by the number of pounds supposed to be in a cubic yard, namely: In a stack of new hay, 12 pounds avoirdupois each; if old hay, 15½ pounds each.

Canada Thistles.

G., Ridgeway, Mich.: Inquiries concerning methods of destroying Canada thistles come to us frequently, and appear to have become a never- ending problem. Many Farmstead readers have replied, giving their own effective methods. Agricultural experiment stations have given the subject much study. The Illinois station is said to have had one of the most successful experiments. The thistles used in the test covered two and a half acres very thickly, of rich black prairie soil. The thistles were cut July 17, when in full bloom, very close to the ground. The ground was plowed three inches deep and harrowed. Hungarian millet was sown at the rate of one bushel per acre. On September 10 the millet was one foot high and the thistles four or five inches high. It was turned under and harrowed. October 8 the ground was plowed, again harrowed, and seeded to winter rye at the rate of one and a half bushels per acre.

The middle of the following April the rye was turned under and the ground thoroughly harrowed. The ground was plowed May 25 and June 25. On May 25 very few thistles could be found. July 14 the ground was seeded to millet, which was cut for hay September 15. Less than 50 thistles were found on the two and a half acres during the latter half of the season. The net total cost of this victory was $10.50 per acre.

Thistles should not only be cut, but burned. No trace of them should be left, as the seeds are easily distributed and will thrive under the most adverse conditions.

It was clearly demonstrated that only by persistent effort can the Canada thistle be eradicated. Cut and continue to cut at short intervals, as it is the only way that success can be obtained. It was found that it is profitable advisable to place a pile of straw three or four feet deep on the patch, as this has a tendency to keep down the thistles, but if they are already in bloom, they should always be cut and burned.

Limber Neck.

B., Friendsville, Tenn.: Limber neck in poultry is caused by the fowls eating decayed meat and maggots. I do not know of any remedy. It can be prevented by burning or burying all dead animals and fowls.—H., Huntington, Wa. Va.

Cleaning Seeds.

C., Oneonta, Na. Y.: Put squash, melon, cucumber, tomato seeds, etc., into a barrel, add some water, put in a little yeast and let it foam up for a day or two. This dissolves the pulp, and you can wash them out very readily.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Box Elder Seed.

C., Spencer, Wis.: The male and female flowers of the box elder are on separate trees and in localities where the tree is not native and there are only a few set for shade, these may be all female, and in this case, though the seeds look all right, they are all empty shells. So be sure your seed is good to begin with. Sow in rows three feet apart and an inch deep this fall or next spring, it makes no difference, and thin to a foot apart in the row. Cultivate nicely for two years before setting out and keep hoed or mulched or both until the shade keeps the grass down. I read that the Canadians at Lake Winnipeg make sugar from the box elder (it belongs to the maple family), but when I tapped one last spring it didn't run a drop; failing to understand New York sap weather, maybe.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Cucumber Pickles.

C., Weverton, N. Y.: Put water into a jar and add a little more salt than will dissolve. Fill the jar with cucumbers and put on a weight to keep them covered to with the brine. Soak in fresh water to remove the excess of salt, and add vinegar containing horseradish root, peppers, or anything else.—G., Arkport, N. Y.

Cooling Hatching Eggs.

The agricultiure department has this to say on cooling hatching eggs: "We are convinced that eggs kept constantly at hatching temperature bring out chicks too weak to survive. Our experiments show this. The eggs from fowls at liberty hatched much better than those kept penned." The last is well known to most poultry keepers, but the next experiment not so well known. "Eggs which were repeatedly cooled and warmed hatched better than those kept at a warm temperature all of the time. In one experiment the eggs were daily exposed one hour and a half to the air. This retarded the hatch three days. The eggs would get so cold that it required about twelve hours to bring them back to 104 degrees. Thirteen strong chicks hatched out of every sixteen eggs. This was in an incubator never before, under incubator directions, giving the least bit of satisfaction.

"Another experiment showed us that eggs must be gradually brought up to the hatching heat. To put them directly into that heat is disastrous. Twenty-five eggs were laid on a warm day. These were put into the incubator heated to 104 degrees, which degree of heat the eggs took on in two or three hours themselves. These eggs were given a long cooling each day, as long as the previous experiment. The chicks developed and pierced the shell, but died before getting out of it. The sudden heating of the eggs, after cooling, presumably being the cause of such extreme weakness."

Peat Alcohol as Fuel.

The question of alcohol as a fuel for motors has recently been investigated in a thorough manner by British experts, and it has been found that the cost of obtaining the fluid from ordinary grains, vegetables, etc., is too great to make it a substitute for gasoline from a standpoint of price. It has been found, however, that alcohol may be obtained from peat, which is gathered in quantities in different parts of Europe, and in the colder climates of North America. It is estimated that peat alcohol may be marketed for as low as 6 cents a gallon.

The process consists in mixing peat with dilute sulphuric acid in definite quantity, heating it to a definite temperature and pressure for a definite time and thus obtaining an extract containing saccharine matters which may be fermented, after partial neutralization with lime, by means of a special fermentation of yeast. Similarly the solid residue, after being drained and dried, is distilled, and made to yield ammonia and oils, the ammonia being subsequently converted into sulphate. Other by-products are obtained at the same time, including ether, sulphate of lime and methyl alcohol, employed extensively as a denaturant for industrial alcohol.

In the fermentation vats a special yeast is used. This is made of a wild berry which grows in the peat bog and which is found greatly superior to either beer or wine yeast for the purpose. Companies have already been formed in Great Britain and Ireland for the manufacture of peat alcohol, the promoters of which are optimistic about the ability to furnish the fluid in unlimited quantities and at a low price.

Cultivation of Cow Peas.

The cow pea is a crop which has attracted much attention of recent years, writes A. J. Legg in Oklahoma Farmer. Being a legume, it has the power of drawing upon the air for its supply of nitrogen, and so far as the nitrogen is concerned, it leaves the soil richer in the substance after the crop is removed than it was before the crop was grown. The cow pea is a southern crop and naturally requires a warm soil for its successful cultivation. There are a number of early varieties that may be cultivated in the middle and western states, but it is necessary to wait until the soil is warm before the crop is planted.

The New Era variety is one of the earliest and best varieties. It is a crop well suited to growing with millet, as it matures ready for harvesting at about the same time that the millet is at its best.

While the cow pea can get nitrogen from the air, it must be remembered that it must also have a phosphoric acid potash and lime in order to make a crop, and the elements of fertility must be furnished by the soil.

It may be necessary to inoculate the soil with proper bacteria in order to get the benefit of its leguminous property, but in many soils, even new ones to the cow pea, this is not necessary. The cow pea seems to prefer the soil nitrogen, and where there is plenty of nitrogen in the soil it seems to feed upon that rather than to develop tuberculosis on the roots, as it is necessary when nitrogen is taken from the air.

I once grew some cow peas on a very rich soil; the crop made an enormous growth; but no tuberculos were formed on the roots. I have never found it necessary to inoculate the soil on my farm for cow peas, even when they were grown on soil which had not been cultivated for years. The tubercules always appeared on the roots if the nitrogen was deficient in the soil. The cow pea hay when well cared for is usually regarded as being equal in feed value to a ton of wheat bran.

Since protein is an element of food which is deficient in the usual farm crops the cow pea where it can be successfully grown is a most economical crop to grow. Some varieties shed their leaves before the peas mature, while others hold their leaves until the pods are ripe. The iron pea is one of the best varieties to hold their leaves. The leaves are green after most of the pods are dry.

The Good Dairy Cow.

A few characteristics points of construction in the dairy cow regardless of breed, are as follows: The head is clean cut and bony, of good length, broad between the eyes; the eyes are large with mild, intelligent expression; neck long and slim, with strong connection with the head; clean throat; shoulders light and thin; withers sharp with backbone rising above the shoulder blades; the ribs well sprung immediately after leaving the shoulders, giving abundant room for the heart and lungs. The whole formation of the ribs gradually enlarges to the hind quarters, giving plenty of room for storage and digestion of food. The ribs should be wide and flat, with good space between them.

The backbone should be strong and corrugated, showing an open formation; hips wide; pelvic arch high; rump bones, wide spread; tail long and slim; flank high and arching; open between thighs and incurving, thereby giving room for udder. Legs should be short, bones flat. Udder reaching well forward on bottom, with teats set well apart and squarely attached to udder. See that the quarters are of uniform size; teats of medium size and free from lumps or obstructions. The skin should be mellow, spongy texture, not cordy and hard, as this denotes garget and other udder trouble.

Milk veins should be large, crooked and of good length with large milk well or hole where it enters the abdomen; if there be a smaller vein leading off from this called an extension milk vein, it is a good indication of extra milking quality. The skin should be mellow, soft and oily. Secretion on inside of ear yellow and oily.

A cow of this sort is capable of doing profitable work for her owner and making him well satisfied, providing she has a good, vigorous constitution, and her owner gives her the kind and quantity of good, wholesome, nutritious food and good care. Don't buy that pretty, smooth, pony, beefy built, attractive beauty of a cow with no udder development and expect you are getting a dairy cow; if you do nine cases out of ten she will disappoint you. There is no profit in such a cow for the dairy.

September Work.

Winter spinach and corn salad may be planted this month.

It is not too late to set out potted strawberry plants.

Cauliflower heads should be tied up as soon as the blossoms show, in order to bleach them.

In the vegetable garden turnips may be sown up to the middle of the month.

Dig the potatoes, but let them become thoroughly dry before they are stored away.

In cutting dahlias for decorative purposes, bear in mind that they will keep much longer if an inch or two of the stems is plunged into boiling water immediately after the flowers are cut.

The Chinese winter radish can be planted early in September. It can be pulled before freezing weather and packed in damp earth in the cellar. It is worth experimenting with.

Now is the time to take up geraniums and other plants for winter blooming indoors. Nasturtiums will bloom all winter in a sunny window if the blossoms are picked as fast as they begin to fade.

Bulbs for winter blooming, such as hyacinth, scilla, narcissi and cyclamens, should be potted this month. The best soil is that made up largely of leaf-mold and a little sand. The pots should be put away in a cool cellar for a month before the bulbs are brought to the light.—Suburban Life.

AMERICANS AND GARDEN

It is probable that none among the advanced people of the world gives so little attention to the garden as Americans. Their labor and experience have been on a larger scale. Land holdings in general proportions are greater than in any other country. Americans also have been accustomed to consume more breadstuffs and provisions, and less "garden truck." They as a rule look on gardening as too small a business for them to engage in.

Garden products are fast becoming no inconsiderable part of the food of the country. A good gardener should have an high a grade as a good farmer or fruit grower. One of these occupations is as dignified as the other, as all are equally useful. There may be more magnitude in general farming, but in no field of production can the mind be made to yield more value from the same area. A garden may be made to go far toward supporting a family, and a good one adds immensely to the pleasures of the table and to health.

Gardening should not be regarded as menial work, and left to the unintelligent and unappreciative of the welfare of society, to those who have no aim but to make the most they can, paying little or no attention to quality. The man who produces his own garden supplies can be sure of having such as are fresh and healthy. It is very much better than to depend on hucksters. To have a garden under the direction of the interested owner and cultivator is not only a source of happiness, but is a great economy. Scarcely in any field of production from the soils can so much actual value be realized as from an equal area devoted to gardening.—Rural Californian.

HARMFUL VACATIONS

"These summer vacations do me a lot of good," said a physician. "Every one of them is worth $5 in the doctor's pocket."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean that the average vacation harms instead of benefiting. Take the case of the average clerk. Pale and thin from an indoor, sedentary life, he rushes for two boiling August weeks to the seashore. There, under the burning, blazing sun, amid the soft purring of innumerable mosquitoes, he bathes, boats, fishes, walks and flirts all day, and all the evening he bowls and dances and flirts again. In a word, he conducts himself like a Hercules instead of like the pale, thin, puny clerk he is.

"What's the result? The clerk returns from his vacation run down instead of built up, and I begin prescribing tonics for him."

FOUND OUT

A Trained Nurse Made Discovery.

No one is in better position to know the value of food and drink than a trained nurse.

Speaking of coffee, a nurse of Wilkes Barre, Pa., writes: "I used to drink strong coffee myself, and suffered greatly from headaches and indigestion. While on a visit to my brothers I had a good chance to try Postum Food Coffee, for they drank it altogether in place of ordinary coffee. In two weeks after using Postum I found I was much benefited and finally my headaches disappeared and also the indigestion.

"Naturally I have since used Postum among my patients, and have noticed a marked benefit where coffee has been left off and Postum used.

"I observed a curious fact about Postum when used among mothers. It greatly helps the flow of milk in cases where coffee is inclined to dry it up, and where tea causes nervousness.

"I find trouble in getting servants to make Postum properly. They most always serve it before it has been boiled long enough. It should be boiled 15 to 20 minutes after boiling begins and served with cream, when it is certainly a delicious beverage." Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The International Sunday School Lesson for September 22 is, "The Death of Moses," Deut. 34:1-12.

BY WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

The notion that sin is not sin in a great man is one of the most dangerous fallacies of the times. Of late it has received many severe jolts, and voices are everywhere being raised for the punishment of the richest and most powerful lawbreakers. It has recently come out that two noted prisoners of the American government have been only nominally such; they have lived in comfortable apartments, instead of in common cells; they have been permitted to go driving daily, to attend baseball games, and to have free intercourse with their friends. A notorious murderer in a New York jail is permitted to purchase many special privileges by his wealth.

This is scandalous, and rank injustice, of course. Yet this sort of thing, which is now coming to the light as never before, marks all lands and all ages. The rich and the powerful have not been held rigidly to account, as have the poor and the weak. Man's law is inequitable; human justice is not blind. A well known English weekly has long maintained a column of parallel citations of the inequalities of current administrations of the law. All these flagrant violations of the spirit of justice are being resented today as never before, because of the world's quickened conscience and keener sense of right.

A Law Giver's Offense.

At this particular moment it is wholesome and opportune that such a large percentage of English-speaking people, especially of those of teachable years, should be called to consider a Sunday school lesson dealing with the sin of the greatest figure in the world's history prior to the beginning of the Christian era, and admittedly one of the greatest characters of all time. Moses was the deliverer of Israel from Egypt. He was the leader who brought it up to the borders of its promised land. His teaching shaped the national character. Upon the laws which he formulated took upon the civil codes of Christendom are today based. In sheer greatness Moses towers a Mt. Everest.

But he had sinned; and in punishment he was kept out of the promised land. The complaining of the children of Israel had angered him, so that he smote the rock at Meribah twice, in heat and with scornful speech, when bidden by Jehovah to draw water for the thirsty. As the one hundred and third psalm has it,

"They angered him also at the waters of Meribah,
So that it went ill with Moses for their sakes;
Because they were rebellious against his spirit
And he spake unadvisedly with his lips."

The great commentator, Alexander Maclaren, touching upon the exclusion of Moses from Canaan for an exhibition of hasty temper, well observes: "People say, 'A heavy penalty for a small offense.' Yes; but an offense of Moses could not be a small offense. 'Noblesse oblige!' The higher a man rises in communion with God and the more glorious the message and office which are put into his hands, the more intolerable in him is the slightest deflection from the loftiest level. A splash of mud, that would never be seen on a navvy's clothes, stains the white satin of a bride or the embroidered garment of a noble. And so a little sin done by a loftily endowed and inspired man ceases to be small."

Trouble From the Tongue.

The loosely-wagging tongues that are causing half the world's misery should be admonished by this tragic story. It was simply for speaking unadvisedly with his lips that Moses was punished. One would be false to the needs of the times who fails to put stress right here The tongue is the most wicked member of the body. It commits more crimes, and worse, than the mailed fist. The pistols and daggers and poisons of all the world's assassins do not inflict the injury upon humankind that is wrought by idle and malicious tongues.

Mr. Respectability excuses his fits of temper, with their harsh speech, as merely "his way." That "way" shut Moses out of the promised land. Mrs. Society thinks it clever to say cruel things about her neighbors; there is more malice in polished drawing-room gossip than in back-fence billingsgate. Both wreck lives and break hearts. Mean words, suspicious words, gossiping words, may all properly be excoriated from the mountain top whence Moses looked, with longing vision, upon the land which his feet would never press; all because he indulged a moment's anger and hot speech. What a suggestion of the Canaans out of which we are all kept by the offenses of that unruly evil!

The Passing of a Great Man.

The newspapers' death-roll of the mighty seems to have been tragically long of late. Many editorials, anent the recent death of two patriarchal Southern members of the United States Senate, Moses, who, having licked those miserable beggars of Israelites into something like shape as a nation, and having borne all the burden, should within sight of the goal have to lie down alone and die.

Always awe-inspiring, death became mysteriously sublime in the case of Moses. He had been a lonely man all his life—lonely amid a multitude. To the last he walked a solitary way, as is the lot of all great souls. Now, his lips still warm with a farewell song to the people for whom he had spent his life, and his counsels and exhortations for their welfare still echoing in the air, he vigorously breasted the heights of Mt. Nebo; for "his eye was not dim, nor his natural force abated;" that he might, alone with the God whom he had so often communed on the mountain top, catch a vision of the long-desired land of promise, and then lie down to the rest which he had so well merited.

A Grave Without a Tomb.

As recent events show, the laborer is often permitted to see the results of his toil before closing his eyes forever. Five years ago it seemed as if the men and women, who in earnestness and in lofty devotion to high ideals, had fought against the evils of the modern business trusts would remain to the end merely the objects of the jeering scorn of the rich and powerful. Now, behold, they live to see the corporation magnates cowering beneath the impending stroke of justice. Those of us who are still young well remember when the "temperance crank" was fair game for everybody's sport, and political prohibition, for neighborhoods and states regarded as the mere phantasies of disordered minds. Today the prohibition of the liquor traffic is a foremost political issue in many sections of North America, with the liquor forces avowedly scared and on the run.

Yes; some men enter the Canaans that once seemed far, far away. Even Moses, despite his sin, was permitted to look upon the goodly land toward which he had steadfastly led a host. The worst of the way was over; attainment was now sure. His eyes saw victory; therefore they could close in peace.

"Others shall sing the song,
Others shall right the wrong,
Finish what I begin,
And all I fail of, win."

The East is the land of graves. The worship of ancestors is the cult of most of the people who dwell therein. The dead seem to have more rights than the living. God knew that if the tomb of Moses should be known, the man who had so often been cursed in life would be worshiped when dead. So, as the simple narrative runs, "Moses the servant of Jehovah died there in the land of Moab, according to the word of Jehovah. And he buried him in the valley in the land of Moab over against Beth-peor; but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day."

PEERAGE POINTERS

In a white frock and white shoes, her yellow hair glistening under her big black hat, a young girl drank tea on the casino lawn and talked, amid the tinkle of glass and silver and the subdued roar of the distant sea, about her success during the recent London season.

"The season was very fine," she said; "fine, but a little cold. I had a lovely time. What I found most difficult was the learning of the correct

QUESTION BUREAU ?

RULES—1.—Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2.—Ask only one question; that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but not different subjects. 3.—The editor of the Bureau is not allowed to give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or firm, nor to tell where you can buy anything or sell anything, nothing in the way of free advertising. 4.—We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5.—We will not answer any questions on religious topics.—no questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6.—Don't ask replies by mail. If a question is of general interest to our readers, we will reply in print, but never by mail.

Area of Japan.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell me the area and population of Japan.—G. B., Winslow, Ind.

The empire of Japan is composed of the four larger islands of Japan proper, Hondo, Kiushiu, Shikoku and Yezo, together with Formosa, the northern half of Saghalin, the Kuril, Liu-kiu, Bonin, and other islands. The entire area is 174,905 square miles, of which 13,450 square miles belong to the island of Formosa. The population in 1904 was 49,632,427, of which number 35,469,507 were on themain island, Hondo, 3,167,707 on Shikoku, 7,260,507 on Kiushiu, 843,717 on Yezo, and 2,899,586 on the island of Formosa.

General Harker.

Editor Question Bureau: Please print a sketch of General Harker.—S. H., Woodward, Ia.

Charles G. Harker was born in Sweedsborough, N. J., December 2, 1837. He was graduated at the United States military academy in 1858, entered the 2nd infantry, and became first lieutenant of the 15th infantry May 14, 1861. He was promoted captain October 24, 1861, and shortly afterward joined the 65th Ohio volunteers, of which regiment he was chosen colonel on November 11, 1862. During the civil war he was engaged at the battle of Shiloh, the siege of Corinth, and the battle of Stone river; was then recommended for promotion, but did not receive it until he had won further distinction at Chickamauga, Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, and that campaign he was appointed brigadier-general of volunteers, to date from September 20, 1863. He led a brigade under General Howard in the Georgia campaign, and effected a splendid defense of Rocky Face Ridge, May 7, 1864, against the determined and furious efforts of the enemy to dislodge him. He was killed at the battle of Kenesaw Mountain, June 27, 1864.

Dick Turpin.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a brief sketch of the life of Dick Turpin, the English highwayman.—B. F., Flora, Ill.

Richard Turpin was born in Hempstead, Essex. The date of his birth is not given. He began life as a butcher's apprentice, was detected in cattle stealing, fled and joined a band of thieves, with whom he engaged in various acts of depredation and brutal crime. He was captured and hanged for murder. His lawless daring made his name a byword, but he has also been decked in the colors of heroism. Generous qualities are ascribed to him, but there is no evidence to show that he possessed them. He is the hero of Ainsworth's Rookwood.

Stocks and Bonds.

A. W. B., Menominee, Mich.: Most of the questions you ask have been answered in these columns time after time as clearly as we know how. Stock, in law, represents the capital of corporations. It is divided in shares of definite value, denoting the rights in the assets, profits, and management of the company. A certificate of stock is a mere evidence that the person therein designated is entitled to an interest in the company, which is stated. Stock may be divided into classes, as common and preferred. Holders of the common stock have an equal right in the company and its profits. Holders of the preferred stock are entitled a preference over other shareholders, but they are not creditors of the corporation. Dividends on stock represent a division of the surplus or net profits arising from the business of the company. Stock companies may be organized for manufacturing purposes, in which case the stock would be industrial; for railroad purposes, would be called railroad stock; for mining, it would be mining stock, etc. Debenture, in finance, is a certificate or document signed by a legally authorized officer, as an acknowledgment of a debt due to some person; a deed or bond of mortgage on certain property for the repayment to a certain person of a certain sum of money advanced by such person, together with interest thereon at a certain stated rate. Debentures are often issued by public companies, especially railroad companies, for the purpose of raising money for the completion or carrying on of their undertakings.

Gravity.

Editor Question Bureau: I would like to have you tell me all you can about gravity. Is it true that, three miles from the earth, a stone or a bar of lead, thrown out into space, would not fall to the earth? I heard a young professor of the sciences make a statement to the effect that a blacksmith's anvil, carried three miles from the earth and thrown into space, would forever stay there.—G. H. Is., Sanoma, W. Va.

We cannot subscribe to your young scientist's theory. It would be interesting to know on what he bases it. We assume that our inquirer has made some study of gravity and knows something about the law of gravitation; that if he holds a stone in his hand he feels a power constantly drawing it to the ground. This familiar phenomenon is called weight, but it is really the attraction of the earth pulling the stone back to itself. Gravitaion is the general term applied to the attraction that exists between all bodies in the universe. Gravity is the earth's attraction for terrestrial bodies; it tends to draw them toward the center of the earth. Weight is the measure of the force of gravity. When we say that a body weighs ten pounds, we mean that the earth attracts it that amount. A stone falls to the ground because the earth attracts it; but in turn the stone attracts the earth. Each moves to meet the other, but the stone passes through much greater distance than the earth as its mass is less. The mass of the earth is so great that its motion is imperceptible. By the action of gravitation the heavenly bodies are bound to one another, and thus kept in their orbits. The worlds throughout space are linked together by cords of mutual attraction, which, interweaving in every direction, make the universe a unit. Gravity is constantly at work about us at one moment producing equilibrium or rest, and at another, motion. The stability and the incessant changes of nature are alike due to its action.

The Dreyfus Case.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give us a brief review of the Dreyfus case—the offense he was accused of having committed, his nationality, etc.?—T. M. M., Richmondville, Mich.

Alfred Dreyfus was a French military officer. He was born in Alsace; was a member of a wealthy Jewish family, and because of his nationality there was much prejudice against him during the trying days of his trials. October 15, 1894, Dreyfus was arrested on a charge of communicating certain important military documents to a foreign government, and at a secret court-martial, December 19, and succeeding days, was found guilty and condemned to public degradation and lifelong imprisonment. He was degraded January 5, 1895, and in accordance with an act passed by the chambers was sent to Devil's Island, near Cayenne, to undergo his sentence of life imprisonment. In June of the same year Col. Picquart became head of the intelligence department of the army, and in the course of his official duties discovered various circumstances which threw doubt on the correctness of the court-martial's decision, and pointed to another officer, of the name of Esterhazy, as the real traitor, and he obtained a copy of a telegram in the well-known petit-bleu, alleged to have been addressed to Esterhazy by a German officer. In September, 1896, he wrote to Gen. Gonse urging a reinvestigation of the case. Col. Picquart, the following year, was dismissed from office and sent to Tripoli. He was succeeded by Col. Henry, another brother of the condemned man, who charged Esterhazy with having committed the offense for which Capt. Dreyfus was serving sentence, but Esterhazy was acquitted by a court-martial. Then Col. Picquart was recalled, arrested and imprisoned. January 13, 1898, M. Zola, the novelist, published a letter in which he made serious charges against the general staff and the government in regard to the Esterhazy court-martial. After a stormy debate in the chamber it was decided to prosecute him, but the government steadily refused to reopen the Dreyfus case. Zola was condemned to pay a heavy fine and to undergo a term of imprisonment, but the court of cassation quashed the Zola sentence on technical grounds, and a fresh prosecution was ordered a few days later. M. Cavaignac became head of the war office, and July 7 he read to the chamber several documents which he regarded as proving the guilt of Dreyfus, but three days later Col. Picquart wrote to the premier denouncing these documents as forgeries. This interference led to his rearrest, and shortly after Zola was again condemned. In August Col. Henry was arrested, and confessed to having forged the chief document relied on by Cavaignac, but soon after his arrest he committed suicide. The war minister resigned September 4 and was succeeded by Gen. Zurlinden. The latter resigned because of the government's determination to refer the question of revision to a commission, and on September 18 Gen. Chanoine succeeded him. The commission decided against revision, and on September 26 the government resolved to ascertain the view of the court of cassation. October 25 the Brisson ministry resigned and a few days later the court reported in favor of revision. October 31 a new ministry, under M. Dupuy, came into office and the prosecution of Picquart was later stopped by the court of cassation. February 16, 1899, M. Felix Faure, the president of the republic, died suddenly, and three days later he was succeeded by M. Emile Loubet. June 3, of the same year, the court of cassation, having concluded its hearing of the evidence, ordered a fresh court-martial to be held at Rennes for the purpose of deciding whether Dreyfus communicated to a foreign government any of the documents in the memorandum, of which Esterhazy had previously confessed himself to be the author. Picquart was released June 9, and on the 12th of the same month the ministry was defeated. June 22, M. Waldeck-Rousseau formed a new ministry. The new court-martial opened August 7, and about this time the press published accounts of the inhuman treatment of Dreyfus in his prison. The prisoner appeared at Rennes for trial. During the progress of the trial an attempt was made to kill M. Labori, one of Dreyfus' counsel, while he was on his way to court. The judges, by five votes to two, declared the prisoner guilty, with extenuating circumstances. The verdict was so flagrantly opposed to the published evidence that it was received with indignation throughout almost the whole civilized world. Dreyfus was sentenced to ten years' imprisonment in a fortress, but a subsequent full pardon from President Loubet set him at liberty, and from that time on he continued to fight for vindication, which came a year ago last July, when the supreme court rendered its decision annulling the condemnation without a retrial. It has been written that the story of Dreyfus is the story of the highest type of moral courage, courage which sustained the man when he believed himself to have been deserted by the whole world, including his wife, for, not content with imprisoning and torturing his body, his jailors on the lonely island, hoping to deepen his despair, told him that even she had failed him. Death would have been an easy solution to his trouble, and the way to it was made simple by those who had him in custody. Within his reach during the time he was caged like a beast or confined in the miserable hut under the sweltering sun was a revolver. His suicide would have saved "the honor of the army," and his enemies would have acclaimed his death as further proof of his guilt, but, sustained by the sense of his innocence, the man waited patiently.

Admission of States.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you kindly print a list of our new states, admitted within the last five years, with dates of admission?—E. J. M., Caro, Mich.

No states have been admitted to the Union within the last five years. Under an enabling act by congress the people of Oklahoma territory and Indian territory have voted for statehood, and the state as Oklahoma will be admitted to the Union by proclamation of the President, after a state constitution has been adopted by popular vote. An election for that purpose will be held during the present month.

Labor Day.

Editor Question Bureau: Kindly give us a history of Labor Day.—N. M. V., Simpsons, Va.

The celebration of Labor day was inaugurated by the Knights of Labor, who in 1882 held a parade in New York, and again in 1884, when resolutions were passed to hold all parades on that day, the first Monday in September. Workingmen of all organizations then began an agitation to have the day made a legal holiday, and in 1887 the first law to that effect was passed in Colorado. The day is celebrated by parades and by meetings addressed by prominent labor leaders. The day is now a legal holiday in all states and territories, and District of Columbia, except Nevada and North Dakota; in Louisiana it is observed in Orleans parish; in Wyoming by proclamation of the governor.

Two Moons.

Editor Question Bureau: I have heard that an astronomer has discovered another moon, and says there will be two moons. Is it true?—S. B. G., Chavies, Ala.

We will have to admit that we have not heard of such a discovery, and therefore cannot tell all about it. When we have two moons the second one will certainly be worth talking about.

Taxing Bachelors.

Editor Question Bureau:—At various times there has been talk of taxing unmarried men after they have reached a certain age. Has anything ever come of this talk? How about other countries, do any of them impose such a tax?—T. J. P., Redington, Pa.

In the state of Cordoba, in the Argentine Republic, there was introduced a system of taxing bachelors. There every male who has passed his twentieth year is considered fit for marriage, and the state enjoins upon him the duty of finding a companion for life, and thus help to increase the population. If he remains single till the completion of his thirtieth year he must pay for his freedom a tax of $5 a month. Then the tax increases to $10 a month till the age of thirty-five, and even to $30 from the age of thirty-five to fifty. From the age of sixty the tax decreases to $20. Between sixty and seventy the bachelor of Cordoba has to pay only $10 a month, after seventy only $9 annually, and not before reaching his eightieth year is he entirely exempt from taxation. Widowers have only three years given to enjoy their liberty, after which they have to look for another wife or pay the tax.

At some time in its history the legislation of almost all countries has imposed penalties on unmarried men, on the principle that every citizen is bound to rear children to the state. The Hebrews regarded marriage as a duty, strictly interpreting the command, "Be fruitful and multiply." By the laws of Lycurgus criminal proceedings were authorized in Sparta not only against those who did not marry, but also against those who married so late in life as to render the procreation of healthy children unlikely. The laws of Solon also treated celibacy as a crime. From an early period penalties and disabilities were imposed on unmarried men and women in Rome, and by the laws called "Lex Julia et Papio Pappoea" no unmarried person could take a legacy, whether a portion or the whole of the possessions of a deceased person, unless he got married within a prescribed time from the testator's death. Childless married persons, from the ages of twenty-five to sixty in males, and twenty to fifty in females, according to one of the provisions of this law, forfeited one-half of any inheritance or legacy which might be bequeathed to them. The Roman censors also frequently imposed fines on unmarried men, and men of full age were obliged to marry. There are numerous instances of additional or higher taxes being imposed on bachelors and spinsters in Great Britain, but probably more with a view to the revenue than with any other object. Thus, from 1695 to 1706 a tax was laid upon bachelors twenty-five years of age, varying from £12 10s. for a duke to 1s. for a common person. Bachelors (Romanist priests excepted) were subjected to an extra tax on their male and female servants in 1785.

Malabar.

Editor Question Bureau: Please tell all you can of a country called Malabar.—B. M., Panther, W. Va.

Malabar is a district of British India, Madras presidency, on the Malabar coast. The capital is Calicut. A great portion is low land along the coast, rising abruptly at the east, where it is bounded by the Western Ghats. The western part is intersected by long, narrow ravines, and the whole is covered with vegetation, in many places large forests. There are a number of tea and coffee plantations and a large amount of rice is raised. The name Malabar is often applied to the whole extent of coast country from Cape Comorin as far north as Bombay.

Mother Shipton.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give a brief biography of Mother Shipton, who many years ago made a number of prophecies? The prophecies were in rhyme.—A. G. J., Springwater, N. Y.

There is much doubt about the existence of Mother Shipton. Many of the sayings attributed to her were undoubtedly written by others. According to S. Baker, who published Mother Shipton's pretended prophecies in 1797, she was born near Knaresborough, Yorkshire, in July, 1488, and baptized as Ursula Southiel. She died, according to the same authority, at over 70 years of age, but it was not until 1641 that a pamphlet appeared containing some of her alleged predictions. In 1645 all her prophecies were considered as having been fulfilled. In 1862 a prediction was made, with Mother Shipton's name appended to it, that the world would come to an end in 1881. It caused some excitement among ignorant people.

John Pierpont Morgan.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of J. P. Morgan.—D. B., Panther, W. Va.

John Pierpont Morgan is one of America's millionaires. He was born at Hartford, Conn., April 17, 1837. He was educated at the English high school in Boston, and at the university of Gottingen, Germany. He began his business career in the banking house of Duncan, Sherman & Co., New York city, in 1860. He became agent and attorney in the United States for George Peabody & Co., of London; in 1864 junior member of the banking firm of Dabury, Morgan & Co., and later member of the firm of Drexel, Morgan & Co., of which his father was also a partner. By the death of the older members of the firm he became the head of the latter house, and the firm name was changed to J. P. Morgan & Co. He also controls the firm of J. P. Morgan & Co., of London, and has a partnership interest in Drexel & Co., of Philadelphia. For many years Mr. Morgan's chief interest lay in railroad negotiations and combinations, and he gradually gained control of the New York Central system, the New York, New Haven & Hartford, the Reading, the Erie, the Lehigh Valley, the Southern, the Northern Pacific, the Big Four, and the Chesapeake & Ohio. Shortly after this great railroad consolidation was completed, he succeeded in organizing the United States Steel company, uniting the Carnegie steel works and other large concerns with a capitalization of $1,100,000,000. In 1901 he bought up a large English shipping line with the evident design of organizing a trust for the control of transatlantic shipping, but this consolidation has not been completed. Mr. Morgan is well known and thoroughly trusted in Europe. He has given largely to many charities.

Leland Stanford.

Editor Question Bureau:—Please give a biographical sketch of Leland Stanford.—A. B., Panther, W. Va.

Leland Stanford was born at Watervliet, Albany county, N. J., March 9, 1824, and died at Palo Alto, Cal., June 21, 1893. He studied law and commenced its practice at Port Washington Wis., but in 1852 went to California and engaged in mining for four years. In 1856 he founded a mercantile business in San Francisco, which became the nucleus of a fortune estimated at $50,000,000. In 1860 he entered public life as a delegate to the convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President. About this time he became president of the Central Pacific railroad, an enterprise in which he was deeply interested financially. He was governor of California 1861-3, and United States senator 1885-91. He did much to promote the agricultural department of California and to increase its transportation facilities, but he will probably be longest remembered as the founder of Leland Stanford, Jr., University, for which he made an initial gift of $20,000,000. This work, begun in commemoration of his son, was continued by his wife, who erected at Palo Alto a beautiful and costly church to his memory.

Preserving Eggs.

Editor Question Bureau: Will you please give me a recipe for packing eggs?—C. O., Union City, Mich.

The most common method of preserving eggs is with water glass, which the department of agriculture describes as follows: Use only perfectly fresh eggs. Stale eggs will not keep by any method of preservation. Clean out the vessel in which the eggs are to be packed. This vessel should be a stone jar if it can be possibly provided. Scald the interior of the jar with boiling water before packing the eggs. Prepare the solution by using water that has first been boiled and allowed to cool to the desired temperature. To each fifteen quarts of water add one quart of water glass. Pack the eggs in the jar and pour the liquid over them, covering them completely. Do not wash the eggs before packing them, as this may injure their keeping qualities. Keep the eggs packed in this manner in a cool, dark place, such as a cool cellar. The eggs should be packed each day immediately after they are gathered and just enough liquid poured over them to cover them. This is safer than to hold them for several days so as to have enough on hand to fill the jar. Water glass may be obtained at any drug store.

In some sections of Europe a method used is to boil the eggs for thirty seconds, then pour water glass mixture over them. The boiling thickens a slight layer of white next to the shell and makes it almost impossible for the organisms which cause the egg to spoil to enter.

Bayard Taylor.

Editor Question Bureau: Please give a biographical sketch of Bayard Taylor.—B. H. R., Williamsport, O.

James Bayard Taylor was born at Kennett Square, Pa., January 11, 1825. He had a secondary education at West Chester and Unionville, and in 1842 was apprenticed to a printer in the former town, but did not serve out his apprenticeship. In 1844 he set sail for Liverpool, and during the next two years he traveled, chiefly on foot, in Great Britain, Belgium, Germany, Austria, Italy and France. He described his journeys for several American newspapers. In 1847 he received an appointment on the staff of the New York Tribune, and two years later went to California as special correspondent of this newspaper at the gold fields, his letters being republished in 1850 as Eldorado, or Adventures in the Path of Empire. In 1851 he was again in Europe, and before returning to the United States in 1854 he visited Egypt, Asia Minor, India, Hong Kong, China and Japan. On these experiences he wrote books and lectured with much success, meantime having gained some reputation as a poet. In 1862-3 he was secretary of legation and for a time charge d'affairs at St. Petersburg, and in 1870 he lectured at Cornell university on German literature. He became United States ambassador at Berlin in May, 1878. He died at Berlin, December 19, 1878.

Miscellaneous.

B. M. D., Wickware, W. Va.: We cannot comply with your request. It is impossible for us to give you the names of the duchess of Marlborough.

S. V., Athens, Pa.: It is our opinion that the woman to whom you refer is entitled to a pension. Take up the matter with a pension attorney.

C. F. B., Beulah, Mich.: We cannot help you. We do not know the secret of making wax cylinders for phonographs.

G. F. H., Hubbell, Neb.: The tomato is a vegetable, being so classified by botanists.

R. L. J., Vests, N. C.: Melville M. Fuller, of Illinois, is chief justice of the United States supreme court.

T. M. L., Rushville, Ill.: No gold dollars commemorative of the Jamestown exposition have been issued.

FARMER AS A MECHANIC

How very seldom do we find a decent set of tools upon the farm; most farmers have a handsaw and hatchet which comprise their entire stock. It is just as essential that the farmer have a good set of tools and possess a fair knowledge of how to use them as it is to understand the methods of agriculture and stock raising, or any part connected with the farming.

Every farmer should have fitted up in his barn or tool shed a neat little work bench if he is not able to build a place. And then on rainy days or at leisure moments he can make improvements and repairs which will save going many a mile, to say nothing of the expense of repairs. The time to repair anything is when you first see the need of it. "Procrastination is the thief of time."

Farmers should encourage their boys in this line, for we well know that a boy naturally takes to the mechanical art. A boy when 10 or 12 years of age should be provided with a few tools such as a handsaw, chisel, plane, hatchet and augers and encouraged to make such particles as will be useful around the house, barn and poultry yard. You will be surprised at the pride he takes in so doing.

Every one should learn two or more trades that may be of use to him; men in all branches of industry are sometimes places of a position by reverse of fortune where a good working knowledge of mechanical art is of vital importance. Even if he does not become a mechanic, the principles have so stamped themselves upon him that they cannot be erased and their applications will be of great value to him through life. Just make an estimate of the expense for one year and you will be surprised at the expense account.—Agricultural Epitomist.

MOTHER MAGIC.

In days of childhood, now long lapsed and dim,
Often I sat within a holy place
Where mystic word and solemn rolling hymn
Touched the tranced souls of men to thoughts of Grace.

Too small to comprehend, yet happy there
I lingered, since beside me, close and dear,
Sat the sweet mother with her rippled hair,
Her smile of angels and her color clear.

And she would hold my hand, and so express,
In some deep way, the wonder of the hour
Our spirits talked, by silent tenderness,
As easily as flowers nods to flower.

And to this day, when so I creep alone
Into some sacred corner, list the choir,
Hear some great organ's most melodious moan,
And watch the windows flush daylight with fire.

Over me once again those memories steal;
I sit an a dream, and understand
God's meaning; for, across the years, I feel
The meek, sure magic of that spirit hand.
—Richard Burton, the Atlantic.

TOKIO'S SLUMS

Tokio has slums, whose poverty reaches the last depth of human degradation. Below the cellars of Paris, the alleys of London, and the crowded slums of the New York East Side, the Japanese capital reveals a lower gulf. It is a region that no ray lights. Your mouldy man of Paris and your "hooligan" of London do have at times fierce joys and moments of acid pleasure, but the microscopic intensity of the distress in the Shitaya quarter of Tokio bars out all hope. Tokio has far too many poor people, and their disposition is a pressing problem. Thousands are shipped to Corea and Formosa, but the pressure steadily increases, owing to the constant migration of ambitious Japanese from the provinces to the capital city.

Japan carefully avoids all public reference to these great sores on its body politic. Their existence is hidden from the foreign visitor. Rarely does a tourist see the slums, and specialists studying the city for precise information are sedulously kept out of the poorest quarters. Japan is so skillfully press-agented that the existence of these miserable purlieus is not even suspected by the average student of conditions. It is a journalistic rule in Japan not to say anything that betrays weakness in the life of the people, and it is a rule generally observed. But there are writers in Japan who think that in adopting the civilization of the Occident the republican form of government should also have been imported, and these give the ministry trouble at times by telling plain, unpalatable truths. The Kokumin newspaper detailed a representative to live the life of the lowest and poorest in Tokio, and his articles dealing with life in the Shitaya district created an immense sensation. When translated into English in pamphlet form the government promptly bought up the entire edition and destroyed the plates. —Walter J. Kingsley, in The World's Work.

FRUITS UNDER IRRIGATION

The Yakima Republican publishes an interesting story illustrating the possibilities of fruit growing in that rich irrigated section of central Washington. A farmer has a little orchard containing sixty-two Anjou pear trees. They occupy a plat of about two-thirds of an acre of land. Expert fruit buyers state that many of the trees will produce thirty boxes each of good marketable pears. The fruit is worth $2.50 a box, or $75 a tree. The owner has refused $2,000 for the crop on the trees, the buyer to pick, pack and market the fruit. This is probably the best record from irrigated orcharding reported from any section of the state.

One of the interesting features connected with the big pear crop is a story of increase in land values. The man making the offer for that crop formerly owned the land now planted to pear trees. He sold it for $200 an acre, thinking that a good bargain had been made, and the purchaser pinned his faith to fruit growing. Now the returns from one crop are equal to ten times the first cost of the land. And yet that story is merely one of the many wonderful records being made by fruit growers in the various irrigated districts of the state. It simply demonstrates the fact that there is more money for the farmer and fruit grower than in any other legitimate field of industry.—From the Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

STRANGE BURIALS

The burials of the kings of Spain have been for hundreds of years and still are attended by a most curious ceremony. The burial place of the royal family in Spain is in the Escorial palace, and when a monarch dies his funeral is placed in the hands of the Escorial family, who have lived for years on a government estate, which was given to them in recognition of having performed their duties well.

When the royal funeral train starts, the members of this family, dressed in ancient costume, head the procession, which stops about half way to the Escorial and rests for the night. In the morning at daylight the oldest member of the Espinosa approaches the coffin of the dead king and knocks on the lid and asks the king if it is his wish to continue the journey to the last resting place. Then the cortege resumes its journey.

The doors of the church are always found locked, and some of the leaders of the procession knock for admittance, and are greeted by a clamoring of the monks within, who ask: "Who is there?" The Espinosa then answer: "A man of peace." A great bubbub then begins and there is much pounding of the doors both from without and within. At length the priests cry: "What do you want?" and the answer is: "To bury the king." "How do you know the king is dead?" "Because we saw him die," answer the Espinosa.

The priests at first refuse the funeral party admission; but when the latter threaten to break down the doors, they throw them open, and the body is carried into the church, where high mass is held, and the king is then interred in the gorgeous circular pantheon below the church. Around this circular chamber are the sarcophagi of all the rulers of Spain.—Unidentified.

WHAT PROTEIN REALLY IS

Protein is a most important element of food to every farmer who keeps any kind of live stock, and especially those who produce milk or grow young animals.

It is an element of food that cannot be substituted since it is necessary in order to produce the muscle and nerves of the animal.

Protein may be used to a certain extent as a substitute for the carbohydrates or heat and fat-forming elements of food, but the carbohydrates cannot be used as substitutes for protein.

It is the protein in the concentrates such as cottonseed meal, linseed meal tankage, that makes them such valuable feedstuffs.

So much has been written on the necessity of protein and the value of the concentrates as furnishers of this most valuable element of food, that they have raised in price so much that farmers will have to rely to a greater extent upon growing their own protein.

This may be done by growing more clover, alfalfa and cow peas. Alfalfa hay and cow-pea hay are about equal in value as furnishers of protein if well handled, and when well taken care of are worth about the same, ton for ton, as wheat bran.

A PARDONABLE FAULT.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale, discussing a rather finicky attack that had been made on certain recent statements, smiled and said:

"But who or what is blameless? It is like the case of the Scottish hen. An old Scottish woman wished to sell a hen to a neighbor.

"'But tell me,' the neighbor said, 'is she a'thegither a guid bird? Has she got nae fauts, nae fauts at all?'

"'Awell, Margot,' the other old woman admitted, 'she has got one fault. She will lay on the Lord's day.'"

YANKEE DOODLE

Probably Dutch, Claimed by Several Countries.

There has been much discussion on the origin of Yankee Doodle without fixing it without entire certainty. The air can be traced back in England, it is said, to the time of Charles I, and the doggerel verses that are sometimes sung to it are said to be nearly as old. In the old English song, the name used was "Nankee Doodle," and it is said that this name was applied in derision to Oliver Cromwell. Now antiquarians claim that the word "Yankee" was derived from the Indian pronunciation of the word "English," which they called "Yengnees," but that the English soldiers in the French and Indian war applied it to the Colonials in derision. What is known as the original "Yankee Doodle song, beginning with the words:

Father and I went down to camp,
Along with Captain Goodwin,
And there we saw the men and boys?
As thick as hasty puddin'—

was written by a British officer while his army was yet in Boston in the summer of 1775. The word Yankee does not occur in these verses, but they were sung to the tune known as "Yankee Doodle." Now, as to the tone. It is identical with the air known both in England and America long before the Revolution as "Lydia Fisher's Jig," to which the words of an old nursey song were adapted:

Lucy Locket lost her pocket,
Lyddy Fisher found it;
Not a bit of money in it,
Only binding round it.

In 1775, when the colonial troops joined the British regulars under General Johnson, near Albany, preparatory to their attack on the French post at Niagara, a British surgeon, who was a clever musician and something of a wit besides, arranged this old air and commended it to the officers of the provincial militia as a well known piece of military music. The joke was successful, the air pleased the soldiers greatly and became very popular in the Colonial army, says The Housekeeper. This was unquestionably the incident which made Yankee Doodle our national air. A far more remote origin of the air has also been claimed. Kossuth, when in the United States, said that the Hungarians distinctly recognized the tune of Yankee Doodle as an old national dance of their own. A Spanish professor of music has also identified it as the ancient sword dance of the Biscayans, and a German has declared it to be an air traditionally known in his country. Dr. Bombaugh, antiquarian and literary student, asserts that both words and air were probably brought from Holland. He says that among the laborers who, every year, during the harvest time, go from Germany to the Netherlands (receiving as their wage as much buttermilk as they can drink, and a tenth of the grain they cut and rake), the following ditty has been in use many years:

Yankee didel, doodel down,
Didel, dudel lauter,
Yanke viven, voover vown,
Botermilk and tanther.
—Buffalo Commercial.

HISTORY OF UMBRELLA

With the seasons upside down as they are at present, people are beginning to realize the absolute necessity of never stirring out of doors without an umbrella. If social history is to be trusted, the first Englishman to carry an umbrella was one Hanway, who lived at the end of the eighteenth century. At first he was regarded as an eccentric individual, but by degrees many discovered much method in his madness, and before he died in 1786, the fashion he set was adopted by society people in general. Of course, Hanway was not the originator of the umbrella. Among the Greeks and Romans some such article was very common, though oddly enough it was regarded as a purely feminine appanage, and one which men might never condescend to adopt. But all over the east the umbrella has for generations been well known as an insignia of power and royalty. Thus, on the sculptured remains of Egyptian temples one sees representations of kings going in procession with umbrellas carried over their heads. Even in India today some of the great maharajahs still call themselves "Lords of the Umbrella," and in an address presented by the king of Burmah to the viceroy of India in 1855, the British representative is described as the "monarch who reigns over the great umbrella wearing chiefs of the east." One has only to walk through the streets of any Indian town today to see how important a social distinction the umbrella has become. For a native to go without an umbrella in the streets of Calcutta, for instance, is practically a mark of degradation.—London Globe.

"TAKING THE OATH"

Getting amusement out of watching the puffs of smoke ejected by rebel guns, and betting as to where the missiles were going to strike the ground, would seem to be a dangerous pleasure. But this is declared to have been a favorite pastime of the union soldiers camped before Lookout mountain under the late Gen. Carl Schurz, whose story of "The Battle of Missionary Ridge," appears in McClures.

"Another amusement," he continues, "consisted in the talks with deserters from the rebel army, who came over to us in great numbers. They were mostly from som eAlabama regiments which were camped opposite to us on the other side of Lookout creek. They would, during the night, crawl over a big tree which had fallen over the creek and then surrender to our pickets. There were so many of them that sometimes, when I rose in the early morning, I found the space before my headquarter tents filled with a dense crowd. They were a sorry lot, ragged, dirty and emaciated. The first thing a great many of them asked us as soon as they had surrendered themselves was 'the oath.' They insisted on 'taking the oath' without delay. There had, no doubt, been much current talk about their having to 'take the oath of allegiance' if the yourrendered. But very few of them seemed to think that 'taking the oath' feant getting something to eat—so eager were they in their demand for it. They were apparently disappointed when they were only asked to hold up their hands and swear. That disappointment was relieved by the subsequent distribution of rations among them, and the avidity and relish with which those rations were devoured spoke volumes of the lean days when they had had nothing to live upon but roasted ears of corn."

HE WOULDN'T DIE

"Pop" Ashby kept a hotel, and a fairly good one, too. When he was growing old "Pop" married a handsome young Norwegian girl who had been working for him as a chambermaid, and she made a very useful and devoted wife for him. Her efforts to learn vernacular English were faithful, and almost frantic; but she couldn't learn it. Her most strenuous efforts at pronunciation were pathetic, and yet laughable.

At last "Pop" became ill and the physicians said that he could not recover; in fact, that he might die within an hour or two. The old man commissioned his wife to find his brother, by telephone, and tell him that he must see him about a business matter before death claimed him. The faithful wife sought diligently for an hour; running back to the bedside to report to the old man whom she loved, and then going again to the 'phone. At last, she found him, and gave her message thus:

"Pop is dying. He won't die till you comes; so please hurry."

THE CARDINAL'S WIFE.

Cardinal Gibbons, the venerable head of the Catholic church in America, is one of the most democratic men in the country. He also enjoys a good joke, even when told at his own expense. He once related how a Baltimore newspaper man who may have been more zealous in journalism than learned in religion, called at the cardinal's house one day to ask his eminence for information concerning some church matter.

"The cardinal is out of the city," said Father Fletcher, who received the caller.

"Then May I see Mrs. Gibbons?" was the startling request that followed.—Lippincott's.

THE CROSS OF SNOW.

In the long, sleepless wishes of the night,
A gentle face—the face of one long dead—
Looks at me from the wall, where round its head
The night lamp casts a halo of pale light
Here in this room she died; and soul more white
Never through martyrdom of fire was led
To its repose; nor can in books be read
The legend of a life more benedight.
There is a mountain in the distant West
That, sun-defying, in its deep ravines
Displays a cross of snow upon its side.
Such is the cross I wear upon my breast
These eighteen years, through all the changing scenes
And seasons, changeless since the day she died.
—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

HUNGARIAN SNAKE STORY

Good snake stories are rare, but the Roumanian districts of Hungary are responsible for the best. A telegram has just been been received from Mehadia by a Budapest scientist, affirming the honesty of the Hungarian viper. Away among the Wallachs, in this quiet and quaint little township, lives a schoolmaster named Juon Popescu, whose daughter is the heroine of the story.

It appears that every morning the schoolmaster's wife placed her little daughter in the court garden while she busied herself with the duties of the house, and for her consolation a cup of milk was placed beside the child.

Children, as a rule, are not afraid of animals or reptiles, and the more harmful such are reputed to be the less harm is realized. One morning a viper wriggled its way to the child, who was amusing herself there, but, instead of attacking the child, contented itself with drinking from the cup of milk. This amused the little girl, and after a day or so the child became quite friendly, and every morning the viper appeared for its drink of milk.

Finding her work rather earlier than usual one morning, the mother went to fetch her daughter, but was horrified to find her playing with the snake. Fearing that noise might imperil the child, she waited until the viper started for its home. Then raising an alarm, neighbors appeared who immediately destroyed the snake. The little child on hearing what had occurred immediately burst into tears, declaring that the viper had been its constant playmate for over a fortnight.—Westminster Gazette.

65 YEARS A SOLDIER

Sergeant Major Robert Elliott, of Octavia street, Battersea, who claims the longest continuous service of any man still serving in the army, has been the recipient of the Royal Victorian medal. Sergeant Major Elliott's service extends as far back as January, 1842. He was written by order of the king to Lord Allendale, the captain of the king's bodyguard and yeoman of the guard, forwarding the medal, it is stated. "The king is glad to have this opportunity of conferring the medal upon him not only on account of his distinguished military service, but because also he occupied the position of sergeant major of the yeoman of the guard on the occasion of his majesty's inspection of that body."

Sergeant Major Elliott is now in his 81st year, but looks quite 20 years younger. He was only 15 when he joined the Second battalion of the Royal regiment, and only four months later he was sent off to North America.

At the recent inspection the king had a lengthy chat with the veteran. The Prince of Wales asked him, "When did you join the army?" "When your royal father was two months and two days old," was his reply. "I must tell him that," said the prince, with a laugh.

Sergeant Major Elliott still does his turn of duty. He points with pride to a grandfather who died at 106 years of age and an aunt who lived until 104.—London Daily Mail.

FRENCH MARRIAGE LAW.

There passed the other day on to the French statute book a law which will probably have important results in the history of many French lives. It is a law by which any man or woman over the age of thirty may marry without first obtaining the permission of father or mother and without even needing to go through the form of notifying the family of the event. Hitherto no Frenchman, of whatever age, could marry without his parents' consent, though after the age of twenty-five he could bring the matter into court and get a judgment upon it. But the publicity of this proceeding has often been sufficient in such a deterrent. Many Parisians remember a distinguished Frenchman, lately deceased, whose mother refused her sanction to his marriage with a foreigner, with the result that he and his fiancee patiently waited till after his mother's death. On the wedding day the bridegroom was seventy years old and his bride considerably over fifty.—Boston Transcript.

THESE THEORISTS

Senator Platt, seated on the porch of his hotel at Manhattan Beach, condemned certain new trends in politics.

"Theories, theories," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Theories and theorists—they are apt to err, very apt to err."

Looking out at the white beach and the sunlit blue sea, he shook his head and chuckled.

"Theorists go mad," he said, "over their theories. You know the theory that Bull wrote, 'God Save the Queen?' William Chappell and Joshua Maidwin were the most ardent supporters of this theory, but one day they found an inconvenient entry in a rare old Tudor manuscript that threw the gravest doubt upon their claim.

"In this case what did they do? They clubbed together, bought the manuscript and burned it with great secrecy, solemnly ejaculating:

"'Thank goodness, we have now got rid of that objection to our theory.'"

LAND OF SULLEN MOOR

The supreme ambition of the Moor is to be left to himself, to exclude the Christian from his lands and to fight out his own existence according to the dictates of his religion and of his ancestor's. It is this religious structure, this ever-present idea of a deity to whom they can appeal for help in the smallest of tasks, this conception of a power that is capable of doing no wrong and of protecting and guiding its followers, which accounts for the pe

TOLEDO BLADE.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1907.

Largest and Best Weekly Published and Largest Circulation.

TOLEDO BLADE CO.....Publishers
ROBINSON LOCKE.....Editor

THE BLADE is a weekly newspaper for intelligent American citizens. It aims to cover, each week, all news topics of real interest to all wideawake and thinking men. Its editorial page is one of the strongest and most thoughtful in the United States. Its special departments are carefully edited, and the whole paper is intended for the homes of the free American people.

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Hobson says we will have to build ships and eat dirt for a while. Let's build the ships, anyway.

The girl who rides her horse astride has had the approval of President Roosevelt. So that question is settled.

"I know that my singing days are about over," sighs a western poet. Must be expecting to get married soon.

An evidence of the resourcefulness of the people of the country is their ability to live through a telegraphers' strike.

It doesn't require any particular kind of climate and soil to produce a Japanese riot. They seem to grow anywhere.

We can hardly wait until these government experts come out in a bulletin telling us what breakfast foods are made of.

While there is some talk of a car famine this year, it appears not to have been as well managed as in former years.

It begins to look like Mr. Cortelyou's luck is at last deserting him. Former Gas Addicks, of Delaware, favors him for president.

A western poet sings: "My love is dressed in sunbeams, with a rainbow round her hair." Probably thinks he has found his affinity.

The most discouraging thing that has been predicted concerning the President's forthcoming message is that it will be longer than usual.

This is a beautiful world, and nobody can seriously blame Walter Wellman for wanting to live in it a while longer, The North Pole can wait.

Does Mayor Tom Johnson imagine that he is strong enough in Cleveland to run the risk of having Mr. Bryan make campaign speeches for him?

President Roosevelt's son-in-law shows some signs of weakening on the third term proposition, but Mr. Loeb appears as firm as ever.

The Houston Post reports a crop of 42,000 fall brides in Texas. We gather from this that love thrives in the land of sunshine and cucumbers.

The Louisville Herald has discovered the worst offender against the pure food law. He is the barber who insists on putting lather in his victim's mouth.

It is a question if it would not be better for a man to frankly admit that he is a son-of-a-gun than to make the silly plea that he has found his soul's affinity.

Even Uncle Joe Cannon has his limitations. He recently kicked a mad dog out of his way, but he was helpless against the bolt of lightning that struck his barn.

There are times when it would seem that the Russian Jews would be better off if they would pay less attention to business and do a little fighting in self-defense.

How can Fairbanks, Knox or Cannon hope to have any chance of being nominated for president, when Bryan devotes all of his criticism to Secretary Taft?

The professor who says "marriage for life is a great crime," didn't get the idea from the venerable couples who have lived to celebrate their golden wedding anniversaries.

Governor Hughes, of New York, is a strong man and should be quite able to hold the New York delegation together until the time comes for it to swing over to Taft.

Mention is made of "the last word from Walter Wellman." But inasmuch as he did not start for the pole, it will probably be a long time before we have the last word from him.

Government experts are going to analyze seventy-five kinds of breakfast food. But how are we going to find out what the other nine hundred and twenty-five brands are made of?

Ferdinand Earle the poet-artist, of "affinity" fame," has not gone so far as to intimate that his wife is not a suitable mother for his boy. Even eccentricity has its prescribed limits.

A Milwaukee man claims to have made an airship that will cross the ocean in a few hours. The only proof he has offered so far is the fact that the ocean is there, ready to be crossed.

Mr. Harriman says that he saw, while in the west and southwest, something bigger than Wall street and skyscrapers. But he will have some difficulty in making New York believe it.

A Boston woman recently tried to pay a month's rent with a kiss, but the unfeeling landlord called an officer, thus spoiling a beautiful romance that would have been good for sixteen chapters in any other town.

One Ohio preacher is charged with heresy, another chews tobacco, and a third is suspected of having kissed a girl. All of which goes to show that there are more ways than one for a preacher to get into trouble.

An Indiana Democrat recently had a dream in which he saw the inauguration of a Democratic President in 1909. Should a Republican have a dream like that we would say it was caused by something he had eaten.

NO DISASTER IN SIGHT.

Several recent failures in various sections of the country have furnished ammunition to those who are hunting feverishly for grounds on which to criticise the policies of the national government. They do not analyze these failures, but reach conclusions which are their heart's desire by the shortest stages.

The argument is plausible. These concerns required a great deal of capital to carry on their extensive business; capital has been made timid by the assaults of the administration on trusts; these concerns found their borrowing capacity unexpectedly cut short and hence disaster.

But what are the facts? In the case of the Pope company it is charged that a strike of employes involved a loss of fully half a million and the very nature of the business—manufacturing automobiles—invites wide trade fluctuations. In the case of Watson & Co., the New York brokers, it is alleged that the firm was loaded with railroad securities purchased at the high level and every student of the markets has known that these fancy figures were the result of manipulation rather than of conditions. In short, the firm overloaded and suffered natural consequences. Finally in the case of Belding-Hall Manufacturing Company, its president is charged with carrying off some $350,000 of assets, and David Forgan, one of Chicago's leading bankers, denies, with emphasis, that the national administration can, in any way, be held accountable for the failure.

Now, if the country were shaky, if there were a loss of confidence, every one of these failures would have tightened the money market and thrown a scare into Wall street. But the Pope difficulty caused scarcely a ripple; when Watson & Co. collapsed the stock market firmed, and as for the failure of the Chicago factory, the effect on the business world was scarcely felt.

E. H. Harriman who, as much as any other member of the financial group, has reason to be angered at the administration, fails to see distress signals flying. Having just returned from a tour of the West he reports that the country is prosperous and in no danger of an industrial collapse. That statement conforms with the one recently made by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson, after he had inspected crops on the Pacific coast.

Capital, apparently has utterly failed to take note of the country's growth when it retires within its shell every time someone yells "panic." A quarter of a century ago any little disturbance of conditions caused alarm. Congress couldn't even suggest revising the tariff without raising a storm of protest.

But we are living in a different age. Not all the wealth of the nation centers in New York these days. National and savings banks in every state carry large amounts of currency and can comfortably accommodate the territory tributary to them. Wall street can undergo a tremendous upheaval and still the shock won't be serious outside of its own immediate neighborhood, or stop the wheels of industry. That center of stock gambling, in short, has ceased to be the barometer of the money market.

It would be a sad commentary on American institutions if the government could not put a stop to illegal transactions without pulling down the entire financial structure over its head. And yet that is what many of the administration's critics would have us believe. Imagine such a situation and then consider how helpless the great citizenship of the United States would be in the hands of a few financial giants bent on taking to themselves all the material resources of the country. Happily the contention is preposterous.

LONGWORTH DENIES.

A few days ago The Blade commented on an alleged interview purported to have been given by Congressman Longworth in Hawaii, and in which he was alleged to have said that President Roosevelt would not again be a candidate unless the people were so unanimous that he could not well refuse.

This was so at variance with the expressed views of the President and with the well-known reticence of the congressman to speak of his father-in-law's intentions, as to cast a cloud over the genuineness of the interview.

When Longworth landed in 'Frisco the other day, the newspaper correspondents called his attention to the statement, and he promptly denied that he had authorized any such interview. Then he gave emphasis to his opinion by saying flatly that there would be no conditions that would lead the President to change his mind.

And so we are back to the starting point without a scintilla of reason for thinking that the President is playing a game of shrewd politics in order to force his own renomination. On the contrary, he will be well content if he can pursue his program up to the very hour of his retirement and if the people will make it possible for him then to turn the administration of national affairs over to one who is in harmony with, and possesses the ability to complete, that program.

LOQUACIOUS "NIC."

Unless Nic Longworth can clear his skirts of that last interview, he is likely to have an interesting session with President Roosevelt when next they meet. For "Nic" is credited with saying that the President will not accept another nomination unless there is a universal demand, which will be construed by all the enemies and some of the overzealous friends of the President to mean that he would not be averse to another term.

The time has passed when Mr. Roosevelt could permit such an announcement to go unchallenged. He has said so often and so emphatically that he would not be a candidate under any circumstances that the people, after much reluctance, have accepted his dictum. When the propriety of receding from the position he took on the night of election, 1904, was first broached, The Blade insisted that conditions might arise when it would not only be desirable, but incumbent, on the President to accept another term. If the country were involved in a dispute with other nations, or if matters respecting the regulation of trusts were in chaos and it was essential to the public welfare that Mr. Roosevelt keep his hand on the lever until order was restored, then he should heed the call as one of duty.

But no such conditions exist, and, generally speaking, national affairs are in shipshape, and as to working out internal problems, the various departments appear to be making admirable progress. And, to make assurance doubly sure, there are other Republicans, candidates active or prospective for the presidency, who have thorough knowledge of, and are in accord with, the present policy of the administration. No doubt President Roosevelt takes this view of the situation and will act accordingly.

But because Longworth is his son-in-law, and in the past has spoken with some show of authority, the President will find it necessary to close the vent that has been opened. Thousands will take on renewed hope that the President may again be the Republican standard-bearer, and he owes it to himself and to his loyal supporters to put an effective check to the movement before it gains the strength of a flood.

ROOT TO VISIT DIAZ.

The people of the nation are gratified to learn that Secretary Root has fully recovered his health and has resumed the duties of his office. Because of his age—62—and because he has never been robust, it was feared that the severe strain of official life had undermined his constitution, but thanks to the vigorous treatment of Mr. Muldoon, the secretary, to use a familiar phrase, is as fit as a fiddle.

Within a short time the secretary will visit Diaz and discuss with the president of Mexico several matters of interest to the two republics. The future of the Central American states will no doubt be carefully gone over with a view to formulating a program whereby the United States and Mexico can exercise a joint influence for peace among those irritable and irritating revolutionists.

Possibly also more stringent regulations will be devised to protect the boundary of the two countries from the encroachments of Mexican bandits, who are constantly seeking to stir up trouble. It is in the so-called boundary strip that revolution against the Mexican government is fomented and it is highly important to both countries that these pests be brought under complete subjugation.

Secretary Root demonstrated in his tour of South America that he is a rare diplomat, and the administration looks to him to accomplish great results in the City of Mexico. While the relations between the two countries are happily cordial, harmony of action in affairs which affect mutual advantage tends to strengthen those relations, and that will be Secretary Root's mission.

GARFIELD'S PROSPECTIVE PROBE

Secretary Garfield outlines an extensive program of investigation which is about to be inaugurated by his department.

Titles to all the western lands which the government has sold and allotted will be examined, the object being to lay the foundation for prosecution of all frauds of this nature. The administration has already unearthed many swindles and successfully prosecuted several swindlers.

Now it is planned to take up the entire problem and work it out. Results of recent investigations have convinced the secretary that railroads and individuals are claiming title to millions of acres which rightfully belong to Uncle Sam, and which can be recovered through the proper legal channels.

The secretary says that the government will proceed on the assumption that most of these illegal entries and acquisitions are the result of irregular practices and not of willful wrong doing, and his aim will be to secure a restitution that will be fair both to the railroads and the government. But the campaign will be none the less systematic and thorough, so that when completed a repetition of the frauds and irregularities will be impossible.

The American people have long regarded the method of disposing of government lands as the grossest example of corruption and favoritism, and if Mr. Garfield's department probes the matter to the bottom, it is confidently predicted that it will accomplish one of the most important reforms that can be credited to the national administration.

WHAT CAUSES APPENDICITIS?

Dr. W. H. Battle, a surgeon in one of the London hospitals, has been devoting a great deal of time to the study of appendicitis, and has come to the conclusion that the disease is due frequently to particles of iron that work their way into the appendix and form the nucleus for concretions that cause the trouble.

The natural query is, whence come the iron particles? And the doctor maintains, in reply, that they drop into flour from the iron rollers and are taken into the system in the form of bread and pastry. Thoroughly believing this theory, the doctor claims that all rolled flour should be passed over magnets which will attract these particles and leave the flour pure and wholesome.

Dr. Battle does not advance the proposition that every case of appendicitis can be traced to this cause, but observing a marked increase in the disease since 1884, as for forty years prior, only nineteen cases were recorded in the hospital, he has made a careful investigation, and now submits his theory for public consideration.

If the medical world accepts this theory, there will be a universal demand for greater caution on the part of millers, which may result in the enactment of a law requiring that all rolled flour be "magnetized" before being placed on the market. And what a relief to feel that this "fashionable disease" has been brought within bounds! But one shudders at thought of the injustice that has been visited on the innocent seed of the berry and the apple.

THE VANCOUVER RIOTS.

The comments of the British press on the rioting against the Japs at Vancouver will afford interesting reading now in view of the criticism at the time of the San Francisco incident. It is recalled at that time some severe and caustic criticism was lunched at the American authorities, although there was more conservative comment. One eminent British editor remarked at the time that America was dealing with the same situation that Great Britain must soon meet, and his foresight is shown in the Vancouver riots.

The fact is patent to any close observer that neither the United States nor Canada wants Japanese immigration, and the feeling on the Pacific coast is greatly intensified, nor is it confined to the United States alone, but applies with equal force to British subjects. The Jap with his manner of living is little less objectionable than the Chinese. He cannot be amalgamated with the American people, and his presence here is merely injecting another serious race problem into American politics, when we have by no means solved the one now pressing for solution. What James G. Blaine said about the Chinese in urging the restriction of Chinese immigration, applies with equal force to the Jap:

"Is it not inevitable that a class of men living in this degraded and filthy condition, and on the porest of food, can work for less than the American laborer is entitled to receive for his daily toil? Put the two classes of laborers side by side and the cheap servile labor pulls down the more manly toil to its level. The free white labor could never compete with the slave labor of the South. In the Chinaman the white laborer finds only another form of servile competition—in some aspects more revolting and corrupting than African slavery. Whoever contends for the unrestricted immigration of Chinese coolies contends for that system of toil which blights the prospects of the white laborer—dooming him to starvation wages, killing his ambition by rendering his struggles hopeless, and ending in a plodding and pitiable poverty.

"Nor is it truthful to say that this danger is remote. Remote it may be for Mr. Garrison, of Boston, and for New England, but it is instant and pressing on the Pacific slope."

President Roosevelt in adjusting the Jap situation in 'Frisco recognized the feeling there against the Japanese coolie and merely performed his duty under treaty rights of Japan, but held out no false hopes that unrestricted immigration of Japanese coolies would be tolerated by this nation in the future. The Vancouver incident has its lesson for Great Britain and Canada, and it would be well if the United States and these countries would act in concert in adjusting what is recognized on the Pacific Slope as "the yellow peril."

FISH AND HARRIMAN.

Stuyvesant Fish, it is said, has been marked for retirement from the Illinois Central, and the man who has done the marking is Edward H. Harriman. Fish has been too inquisitive. Following his deposition from the presidency of the road, Mr. Fish has been keeping close watch of the new management and professes to have discovered a change in policy that is not to the stockholders' advantage.

Only recently, at a meeting of the directors held in New York, he introduced resolutions which called for a report from the heads of departments, the obvious purpose being to show that the men higher up were not giving an accurate accounting. This act ended in a personal encounter between Fish and President Harahan, the latter resenting the imputation that he was Harriman's tool.

At a later meeting Mr. Fish insisted that his resolutions be given attention and it has become apparent to Mr. Harriman that he cannot stop Mr. Fish's badgering except by forcing the latter off the board.

And it is said the railroad wizard has the votes to perform this feat of railroad surgery. But they who know Mr. Fish assert that even then Mr. Harriman will find Fish still following the trail like the hound in a fox chase. Indeed, Mr. Fish is credited with possessing a terrible tenacity of purpose, and as he has powerful connections in the financial world he can prolong the struggle to a point where Mr. Harriman may be only too glad to cry "peccavi."

THE LUSITANIA.

The new Cunarder failed to beat the record of the Kaiser, but there is not a man in marine circles who will doubt her ability to do so. Going through a stretch of weather that was far from perfect, the new ship of the turbine class negotiated the distance from Queenstown to New York in five days and 54 minutes, almost six and a half hours better than the previous record held by the Lucania of the same line.

When it is considered that no ship sails as well on her maiden trip as she does after her machinery has been operated for some little time, it is seen that there are good grounds for the confidence expressed by her owners that the Lusitania will shortly prove herself Queen of the Ocean. Given favorable weather and barring unavoidable accidents, she should be able to mantain the best average speed of the Kaiser, which was 23.58 knots.

Interest in the newest representative of the Cunard line is increased by the announcement that the North German Lloyd is already preparing to build a much larger ship, and one which will guard Germany's reputation for owning the speediest ocean traveler. Tourists will hail this competition with rare pleasure. An ocean voyage is a delight in its way, but the present generation loves speed, and one suffers more or less from ennui after a few days' sail. And perhaps this feeling is intensified by the knowledge that there is no help for it.

THE PASSING HOST.

Gradually but surely the Grand Army of the Republic is fading out of the American life and soon there will be naught left but the memory of its splendid achievements.

The rosters of the various departments have been telling the story for several years now.

The reports of the commissioner of pensions have furnished additional evidence.

And at the national encampment held this week in Saratoga the veterans acknowledged their infirmities when they limited the march to a mile, the shortest parade, we are told, in the history of the organization. Contrast that with the long marches of the past, when every man in line kept step to the music, with form erect and head up until his commander gave the order to "break ranks." We called them veterans then, because they had survived the horrors of war, although some of them were scarcely more than boys. Today all are veterans in years, as well as service, and the time is not far distant when the last of them will have been mustered out of life's great campaign.

We are wont to think of the survivors who fought in the 60's solely with reference to that war, yet it is a fact that the boys in blue not only preserved, but also had a large share in reconstructing the Union, and, more yet, have been active in promoting most of the nation's later development. The results of the war led the people to rely on the soldiers, many of whom found, on their return home, that they were to be drafted again and for civil duty. And so it chanced they became senators, representatives, governors and mayors, and with rare exceptions proved as faithful to the new trust as they had proved faithful and brave to the old.

Thus the present generation and the generations to come owe "the passing host" a double debt for the work it has performed, a work that has no parallel in the history of any country. And it is sad to think the time is near at hand when the valorous deeds of the civil war can no longer be recounted by the men who answered to the roll call.

WHY CHRISTIE QUITS.

Walter Christie, a prominent New York business man, and one of the most daring automobile race drivers in the country, has decided to abandon the track. Cristie is in a hospital suffering from a broken wrist, a badly lacerated head, a sprained back and injuries to his abdomen. These slight reminders of an accident that happened to his machine while traveling at the rate of 70 miles an hour have convinced him that his wife and relatives will enter a vigorous objection if he continues in the game and so he has concluded to "cut it out."

Yet some people insist that the automobile racing fever is not a disease; well, call it a violent form of insanity, then.

OPTIMISTIC TREAT.

And still testimony continues to accumulate showing the utter groundlessness of the fears of those who have been looking on the dark side of financial conditions.

United States Treasurer Treat, than whom there is no man better posted on matters of finance, while admitting the present stringency, regards it as only a temporary condition that will pass away not later than January or February. According to Mr. Treat, the existing dearth of money is natural. The American people are busy, and business requires capital. Heretofore they have been able in times of close money to get help from abroad, but now other nations are likewise busy, and have use for their capital at home.

But with the moving of the crops, our excess of exportations will bring in a flood of European gold and greatly relieve the situation. Moreover there is a tendency toward economy and retrenchment which demonstrates that the American people are learning to adjust themselves to conditions.

MADE MATTERS WORSE.

Mrs. Laura M. Carter, who was charged by Cashier Runyan, of a New York bank, with receiving a part of the loot he stole, was not only acquitted by the jury, but congratulated by the court. Runyan claimed that the woman caused his ruin and that when he refused to meet her demands for money, she betrayed him to the police.

There was damaging evidence against the prisoner. She admitted that she was "stringing" Runyan for the money she could get out of him, but she swore that she thought him a man of great wealth, possibly a Pittsburg millionaire, and she could see no harm in helping herself to all he would give her. The era of "frenzied finance" has developed a new class of moral perverts and they seem to have the faculty of winning the sympathy of the average juror.

And now Runyan not only faces a long term in prison, but he stands before the world as one who has tried to shield himself behind a petticoat.

BURTON'S CAMPAIGN.

Congressman Burton's declaration that his campaign for mayor of Cleveland would be conducted without financial help from any public service corporation in Cleveland or out, or from any corporation enjoying privileges from the city, causes no surprise among those who know him and know his record.

Mr. Burton has been at all times a consistent advocate of pure elections. He has at all times deprecated the raising of large funds for election purposes, and it is not to be supposed he would make an exception in his own case.

He believes if a cause is just it needs only a proper exploitation to arouse the enthusiasm of the people, and one volunteer who is working from principle is worth a dozen ward heelers who demand reward for their services.

So, as far as the Republican campaign in Cleveland is concerned, it is to be conducted after the campaigns of years ago, when men were partisans because they conscientiously believed in certain principles and were ready to fight for them. There is reason to think from the enthusiasm already manifest, that the Burton interests will not suffer for lack of organizing material. Thousands of men stand ready to give their time to the cause, and when the work has been apportioned among them, every section of the city will be made thoroughly acquainted with the issues involved.

Another promised innovation, which the people are anxiously awaiting, is Mr. Burton's platform respecting the street railway problem. Instead of dodging it, as most politicians would, Mr. Burton purposes meeting it and solving it. He is getting together the necessary information and from this he expects to evolve a plan that will afford the people of Cleveland relief from the deplorable muddle into which its street car service has fallen. He believes there is a practical and equitable solution, one that will be acceptable to both sides, and this he will boldly advocate.

This policy is so at odds with the usual practice that it will attract attention in every municipality having a similar problem. It is the custom among politicians to dodge the issue, or rather to use the corporation as a punching-bag with which to regale the voters, on the supposition that every time you strike a blow at corporate wealth you increase your influence with the men who decide elections. That has been Johnson's method in the past and will probably be his method this fall.

Mr. Burton's campaign will be conducted on the sound and broad theory that that which is best for the city is best for the people and he will proceed to ascertain what is best for the city and then make his conclusions the basis of his platform. And we confidently believe that the people will approve and accept, and finally give Mr. Burton a chance to test his proposition.

Fifty Colorado widows want to marry an ex-convict who has reformed. But he can get out of it by simply marrying one of them.

HOW THEY ARE PRINTED

An Interesting Walk Through a Great Mill.

Everybody knows how ordinary cotton cloth is made, but a print mill is quite a curiosity. To understand the process, it is necessary to begin with the designing-room, where a dozen or more artists, educated in the mills and in the Lowell school of design, a branch of the Massachusetts institute of technology, are exercising their ingenuity and taste in new and novel patterns. Such a large output requires a great variety, and the demands of fashion require frequent changes, so that an average of 3,000 new patterns are put upon the market every year. These are very different from ordinary designs, because they are so minute. If the gentle reader will examine the pattern of the gown she is wearing, or that of her husband's fancy shirt, she will notice that the figures are very small and the lines are very fine and close together. This makes it necessary to have the designs absolutely exact. They are first drawn in colors upon paper, exactly as they will look upon the cloth, and when accepted are sent to the engraving-room, where the patterns are reproduced upon steel dies by a corps of engravers who have been educated in England, Germany and France. The work is very fine and exacting, similar to bank-note engraving.

The pattern is cut by hand with hardened steel instruments upon the surface of small steel rollers, which have been softened. When the engraving is finished the roller is hardened and is run in contact with a second roller of soft steel with tremendous pressure, so that the reversed figure projects from the surface instead of being intaglio, as upon the first roller. The second roller is then hardened and run with pressure against a third roller of copper thirty-two inches long and eighteen inches in diameter, which receives the pattern and retains it.

The die-cutting is a recognized trade similar to ordinary engraving and jewel-cutting, and its members most proficient are found among the Scotch, although the Frenchmen are said to be the best designers.

The printing machines resemble the modern newspaper printing press, and the business of making calico and other figured cotton fabrics is very much like printing a newspaper, only the forms are of copper, with the patterns intaglio, like an engraved plate, and aniline dyes are used instead of ink. The colors are mixed by chemists according to the scheme of the designers.

In some cases the patterns are printed on the white cloth; in others the cloth is first dyed by being passed through a dozen vats one after the other. Between them it is carried over numerous rollers through drying-rooms in the upper stories of the mill, a continuous web of cloth mile after mile in length, always in motion until it has passed through the dye vats a sufficient number of times for the color to reach the proper density. Then, after it has dried, the cloth is wound around a great reel three feet in diameter, and is ready to be fed to the printing press.

The engraved copper rollers are so placed in the press that they revolve through a box containing the color, just as the roller of a printing press passes through the ink. After the color has been wiped off the surface of the cylinder, leaving only that which remains in the dyes, the latter is transferred to the continuous roll of cloth that is passing under intense pressure between the copper roller and a large steel cylinder.

The same process is used with goods that have been dyed, except that the cloth is subsequently passed through a chemical bath.

All of the prints, after passing through the presses, are soaked, washed, dried and then passed through vats of starch, sago or dextrine (a sort of paste), which fills the cloth and gives it body. It then passes over rollers and up again into the drying-rooms long enough to become perfectly dry. Finally all goods are passed over "tenter frames," which straighten the threads, make the edges uniform and iron the surface. They are then cut into pieces of fifty yards each, folded and the trade mark tickets and bands attached. No piece leaves the factory without the labels of the American Printing company.

It requires five men to run two printing machines, and they must have skill and experience. Each machine has its own printer, and every two printers have a helper between them. Originally most of the printers were Englishmen brought from the old country, but the present force were all educated in the mill and are of English, Irish and American ancestry. They start an apprentice at $18 a week, and when they become full journeymen receive from $25 to $30 a week.—William E. Curtiss, Fall River Cor. Chicago Herald.

MAN AND HIS WAYS

The crown price of Servia, who is now on a visit to London, is a sort of Balkan Prince Hal, and the stories of his escapades as a boy and of the troubles of his tutor are innumerable. Like his prototype, he has even undergone a short period of imprisonment; but nowadays he has sobered down, and the Servians begin to think that he will imitate Falstaff's patron in more ways than in youthful wildness and ungovernable high spirits.—London Globe.

Let us look at Henry Watterson as he is today: Height about 5 feet 5 inches, with every inch of his thick, round, deep body enclosing a cell surcharged with nervous energy. Head finely poised on broad shoulders. The face a delight for students of character. The eyes restless with alert perception. The nose well modelled; the chin a challenge—a very sentinel guarding a mouth that shows the only suggestion of weakness. Crown this shapely head with a plentitude of snow-white hair that touches his forehead with the caress of a single vagrant lock, and you have the portrait. His arms are short, and the hands swing back and forth nervously as he moves along, unless they happen to be shoved down into the pockets of his sack coat. He always walks as if there were a goal ahead that had to be reached in the shortest possible time. He wastes no moment on the street, looking always straight ahead as he plunges along; and this habit has earned him an undeserved reputation for incivility to friends or acquaintances whom he passes. The rush habit and defective vision are really responsible.

At his club, or in the big leather chair before his plain table desk in his little crowded office on the second floor of the Courier-Journal building, he is always courteous and agreeable. He is, if course, a busy man, and to the visitor who tarries beyond reasonable time he makes this known in a pleasant way.

All the young men on the paper regard him highly, and they are ready to swear to his great talent and to fight for his supremacy as a journalist; but as their personal knowledge of him is mostly confined to the glimpses they get as he rushes from his office on the second floor to the composing room below it can hardly be wondered at that they know little of him socially. Yet every column of the Courier-Journal bears his impress. He abhors yellowism, or even a suggestion of it.—Harper's Weekly.

NOT IN SHERLOCK'S CLASS

To Frederick Kohler, Cleveland's Chief of Police, a reporter submitted the other day an idea for use in the war against male flirts that Mr. Kohler is waging.

"Your idea is novel,' said the chief, laughing, "but from the practical point of view, I am afraid that there is not much in it.

"In fact—if you'll excuse me—your idea reminds me of a remark that is imputed to one of my Cleveland sleuths.

"They say that this man, examining a jeweler's window that had been smashed in, muttered to himself, sagely:

"'By gosh, this is more serious than I thought. It's broke on both sides.'"

HUNTING DEER

Curious Old World Custom in the Department of Indre.

A correspondent, who for some time past has been staying at La Chesnaye, in the department of Indre, where Count M. de Lesseps hunts his pack of roe hounds twice a week in season, gives, in the London Fields, the following interesting description of the manners and customs connected with the hunting there:

The manner of hunting has not changed for centuries, and the methods of finding and hunting the game, as described by Jacques du Fouilloux in his book on Venerie, published in the middle of the sixteenth century, are practically the same as are employed now.

The hounds are of mixed blood, the Poitevin being pre-eminent; they are similar to English foxhounds, but taller and of a slighter build; give tongue well, and have first-rate staying powers.

The French hunt more for the killing of the game than for the riding, and though it is a different form of amusement to that which people are accustomed in the hunting field in this country, it is real sport and not to be despised.

In the early morning the keepers go out and mark down the roe as they return to the wood after their morning's feed. Until the arrival of the hounds their movements are carefully watched, and then the hunt begins. Each horseman carries round his body a huge, old-fashioned hunting horn, with which every phase of the hunt is heralded. For instance, when the hounds find there is one blast, when the roe break covert another, and so on, each one conveying a distinct message to every sporting Frenchman, but being altogether unintelligible to a foreigner.

The correct hunting kit consists of a coat and breeches with facings—which vary according to the family colors of the master—Wellington boots and white woolen stockings drawn well over the knee and showing above the boot. The stockings date from the time of Louis XV., when they were fashionable for every-day wear. A dagger, fastened to a gold belt, with which to dispatch the deer, is also worn, as is an ordinary velvet cap similar to that worn in England.

On the Friday in question hounds set out at ten o'clock and soon found their quarry, which had been marked down by a keeper. A blast on the horn announced the beginning of the hunt and all cantered to their places in various cuttings, which were watched in case the roe should break away. For some time the buck dodged the hounds, but had to escape eventually by passing one of the cuttings. Another blast on the horn and the field followed the hounds who were giving tongue well, through the wood into another, over fields, along roads, and through a river, till the quarry was come up with after a three hours' run with only one check. The master gave it the "coup de grace," and then all fell in line in front of the master, who sounded the Chesnaye Rallye fanfare, which was repeated by the company, a curious old world custom.

SHORTHAND IS IMPORTANT

Germany Is Trying to Secure Uniformity in the Art.

The importance attached to the study of shorthand in recent years is illustrated by the action taken by the governments of five of the German federated states to secure uniformity in the use of the leading German shorthand system—the Gabelsberger—so far as instruction in the public schools is concerned, says the Philadelphia Public Ledger. The governments interested in the subject represent a fifth of the population of Germany. A standard textbook has been adopted, and no variations from this standard will be permitted in school practice, unless they have been previously accepted by the governments in question. Provision has been made for the adoption of the agreement by the other German states. Prussia constitutes 60 per cent of the empire, and the Prussian legislature has requested the government to consider the desirability of introducing uniformity in shorthand instruction. Consul Norton, in a report from Chemnitz, remarks that this arrangement affords a glimpse of the manner in which groups of the German states are beginning to handle minor questions not connected with geographical position, and that these methods may be studied in connection with the trend toward collective state action on various subjects in the United States. Aside from this aspect of the case, the action of the German states indicates the increasing attention paid to the useful art of shorthand writing and the dignity the art has attained in our day.

The shorthand school is a modern idea. The older race of shorthand writers were almost invariably self-taught. The authors of some of the most popular shorthand textbooks now in use here were "self-made" in the art. So recently as 30 years ago there were comparatively few skilled shorthand writers in the United States, and 50 years ago a shorthand writer competent to report speeches and court proceedings accurately and to read his notes fluently was regarded as remarkably accomplished. At that period the lawyers, save in extremely important trials in the great cities, wearily and slowly recorded testimony in longhand, and there were frequent clashes respecting the accuracy of the transcript, ending with an appeal to the judge's notes, also taken more or less imperfectly in longhand. At present in all, or nearly all, of the states the official reporter is an essential officer of the court. The demand for good shorthand writers in business offices has grown to a remarkable extent, and a really skillful stenographer has no difficulty in obtaining a remunerative position. The question of uniformity in textbooks is not of vital importance. It suffices if one is an adept in the use of any practical system.

BEDROOM HYGIENE

"Night Air" Is Harmless—Open Windows, Keep Warm.

It goes without saying that the bedroom should be well ventilated, especially in view of the heavy storing up of oxygen in the tissues which goes on during sleep. All windows should be open from the top at least one, and better two to three feet, so that a gentle current of air can be felt blowing across the face. "Night air," as Florence Nightingale pithily remarked, is all the air there is to breathe at night. It is just as pure and as wholesome as day air. Night fogs and rain are only injurious so far as they frighten you into shutting your windows. No air that ever blew out doors is so dangerous, or poisonous, as that inside a bedroom with closed windows.

The temperature of the room should be about 55 degrees to 60 degrees F., if possible. If markedly below this the amount of covering required is apt to become so great as to interfere with the respiration of the skin. The clothing should be as light as is consistent with warmth, the mattress elastic but firm, the pillow as high as the breadth of the shoulder, so as to keep the neck and head horizontal or slightly above, when lying on the side.

The good, hard common sense of humanity has solved all these problems, and the modern hair mattress, or its equivalent, single pillow and blankets, or cheese cloth covered "comfort," which can be cleaned and aerated by turning the hose on it can hardly be much improved on. Beyond these there is no virtue whatever in hard beds, flat or no pillows, and cold bedrooms.—Dr. Hutchinson in American Magazine.

MILKING A FISH.

"Yes," said the pretty dairy maid, "it is difficult to milk a cow, but how would you like to milk a fish? Believe me or not, I have seen that done.

"Sepia," she went on, smiling, "is obtained from the cuttlefish, and you will find on the Chinese coast (the pater was a Chinese missionary) many cuttlefish farms—great tanks where the fish are bred for their black milk, which gives us India ink.

"The tanks are divided by means of sluices into a number of compartments, or locks; and sedulous care is taken never to disturb the fish, for when they are disturbed they darken all the water with their black fluid, which thus is wasted.

"To milk a cuttlefish, the queer creature is driven very slowly and gently into a compartment or lock, lined with metal. Then the water is gradually drawn off and the fish in the end finds himself left high and dry. He becomes alarmed; he squirts forth all the sepia in his sack. Then, milked dry, he is returned to his tank again.

"The sepia is packed in kegs and hermetically sealed for the market. It is very valuable. One cuttlefish yields about $5 worth of it in a year."

CURRENT EVENTS

Yellow and black pearls are in demand in Europe.

New law in Wisconsin provides heavy fine for secret marriage.

Mme. Besant prescribes theosophy as a sure cure for Chicago's civic ills.

First dirigible military balloon ever built in England makes two successful trial trips at Farnsborough.

Crown Princess of Germany sends her chef to America to learn how to make flapjacks and buckwheat cakes.

Additional cuts in the rates of ocean steamship announced in New York bring first cabin prices to $50.

E. H. Harriman has a plan to spend $100,000,000 in improving the western portion of his railway system.

"Double mushroom" or "second story" hat is shown at the National Millinery association as newest creation.

It has been calculated that $50,000,000 dollars' worth of standing timber is destroyed annually in the United States.

Secret of eternal youth is discovered, not by scientists but by milliners, and is said to be embodied in mushroom hat.

Mrs. Mary Lawless Rorschach, wife of a United States naval officer, is shot and killed by a burglar in her home at Norfolk, Va.

D. M. Parry, of Indianapolis, flays both Bryan and Beveridge for their debate on the labor question, holding that both evade the issue.

Steel box cars have been built recently which will weigh about 3,000 pounds less than wooden cars of the same size and capacity.

William Ryan, a fake cripple, arrested in New York, was weighted down with small coins, secured under his bandages.

Wall street denizens shocked to see James J. Hill and E. H. Harriman walking arm in arm, and rumors of terrible conspiracies are set afloat.

Lucy Page Gaston, in New York to organize a fight against cigarets, will first call on E. H. Harriman and urge him to assist in her crusade.

Hetty Green, it is said, can stand in City Hall Square, in New York, and see $5,000,000 of her own cleverness represented in buildings.

Prof. L. Raymond Talbot, the newly appointed professor of the French department of the Boston University, is only 21 years of age.

Mrs. Pepper-Vanderbilt, Brooklyn spook expert, testifies that she bestowed spiritualistic kisses on certain old men, but that they had no earthly significance.

New York jury decides that Edward Vanderbilt is mentally incompetent, and his spiritualist bride may be called on to return the property deeded to her.

Tokio newspapers and politicians who made such an outcry about the San Francisco incident are very meek in discussing the serious riots in Vancouver.

Amalgamated Copper company will close its big mines at Butte, throwing 10,000 men out of work. Action, caused by overstock of metal, demoralizes stocks.

President of Dressmakers' association in session in New York declares present styles in women's gowns are immodest, and urges a return to colonial costumes.

Edward Yates, who recently died in Walworth, England, leaving a fortune of $5,000,000 in real estate in and about London, began business life as a poor bricklayer.

Licorice root grows wild in the fields of Asia Minor, and until fifty years ago was practically unused. Today the annual exports to the United States alone are worth about $550,000.

Interstate commerce commissioners favor discontinuance of the investigation of great railway systems, believing the roads, warned by the Harriman exposure, have discontinued abuses.

The Catskill extension of the New York water supply, on which work has been recently commenced, will cost $160,000,000, and will give the city an additional supply of 500,000,000 gallons per day.

The gross earnings of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railway show an increase of $5,125,501 for the last fiscal year, but the growth of expenses makes the net earnings $116,675 less than for the preceding year.

The queen of Roumania is ardently pursuing her philanthropic idea, which at first took practical shape last year, of collecting the blind of her country in one city, which her majesty has given the name of Vatra Luminosa.

Fire Marshal Purtell, of Wisconsin, says that lightning rods are almost a certain safeguard against loss of property from lightning, and suggests that fire insurance companies offer lower rates to property owners who use them.

Mrs. Annie Besant, the new leader of the Theosophist society, on her arrival in New York during her trip from Europe to Chicago, says

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These designs are practical and adapted to the home dressmaker. Full directions how to cut and how to make the garments will be sent with each pattern.

The patterns will be mailed to any address at only 10 cents each. Inclose 10 cents in silver for each pattern ordered.

Be sure to give both the number and the name of the pattern and the bust measure also.

No. 2014—Ladies' Semi-Fitted Jacket, in black and blue tweed, with velvet blue collar and cuffs. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2019—Misses' Sectional Box Coat, in tan covert cloth, collar and cuffs of brown velvet. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2032—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist in plisse messaline, trimmed with lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2040—Ladies' Square Yoked Shirt Waist in filet net trimmed with bands of Cluny lace. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2013—Child's Dress, made of pink batiste with yoke and trimmings of Valenciennes lace. 4 sizes—½ to 3 years.

No. 2011—Girls' Yoke Dress, in brown batiste trimmed with insertions and ruffles to match, embroidered in white. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1587—Ladies' Seven-Gored Flare Maternity Skirt, in short sweep or round length, with under-plait or gathers at back. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 2036—Ladies' Thirteen-gored Skirt, with lengthwise box-plaits alternating with panels, having tabs overlapping inverted plaits. 6 sizes—22 to 32.

No. 2027—Misses' Seven-Gored Ripple Skirt, in striped or checked cheviot, trimmed with bias folds. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 2045—Girls' Coat in cloth, or corduroy, the collar and cuffs trimmed with flat braid. 5 sizes—4 to 12 years.

No. 2028—Ladies' Combination Corset Cover and Circular Open Drawers. 8 sizes—32 to 46.

No. 2039—Misses' and Girls' Kimono, or flowered blue challis, trimmed with ribbon. 5 sizes—9 to 17 years.

No. 2012—Ladies' Jumper Waist, in mauve peau de soie, worn over an embroidered batiste guimpe. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 2024—Ladies' Tucked Shirt Waist, with long or three-quarter length sleeves, in reseda taffetas. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

No. 1837—Ladies' Eleven-Gored Skirt, with under box plait at center-back seam, and at lower part of other seams. 8 sizes—22 to 36.

No. 1494—Misses Nine-Gored Flare Skirt, in Panama cloth, trimmed with two bias bands of material. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1411—Ladies' Shirt Waist, with long or elbow sleeves and removable chemisette. 6 sizes—32 to 42.

No. 1504—Misses' Shirt Blouse, in Peter Pan style, with regulation shirt sleeve. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1523—Girls' Plaited Russian Dress, in red English mohair; the collar trimmed with gold buttons and black satin tie. 4 sizes—6 to 12 years.

No. 1970—Child's Gretchen Frock, with a one-piece yoke and panel, suitable for hand-embroidery. 3 sizes—1 to 5 years.

No. 1764—Ladies Five-Gored Skirt, with side closing effect, and with short sweep or in round length. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1650—Ladies' Seven-Gored Skirt, with under box-plait at center-back seam, and side plaits below hip at all other seams. 7 sizes—22 to 34.

No. 1955—Misses' Tucked Shirt Waist, made of ciel-blue challis flecked with black. 3 sizes—13 to 17 years.

No. 1626—Ladies' Shirred Waist with long or three-quarter length sleeves, in silk crepe, trimmed with lace. 7 sizes—32 to 44.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

WATCHES

The 16 size watch is now the popular size for men and boys, being very much lighter in weight, smaller in size, and thinner than the 18 size.

We shall handle this season only Waltham and Elgin movements. The reputation and reliability of these movements are so well known to our readers that they need no further recommendation from us.

The cases used in our watches are the very best grades of 25-year and 20-year gold filled cases on the market. We make no extra charge for hand engraved cases in the 25-year grade.

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Nickel—Fifteen jewels (settings); quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

Nickel—Seven jewels; quick train; exposed pallets; cut expansion balance; Breguet hairspring; polished oval steel regulator; sunk second dial; nickel index; dust ring; damaskeened plates.

MEN'S WATCHES.

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No. 102—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$15.00	No. 110—16 size, 20-year hunting case, 7-jeweled works ...$12.75
No. 103—16 size, 25-year open-face, 7-jeweled works ...$12.25	No. 111—16 size, 20-year open-face, 7-jeweled works ...$10.00
No. 104—18 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$15.50	No. 113—18 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$10.50
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No. 106—16 size, 25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.00	No. 115—16 size, 20-year open-face, 15-jeweled works ...$12.50

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No. 124—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$14.00	No. 125—25-year hunting case, 15-jeweled works ...$17.50
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OPPOSES COMPULSORY PASTEURIZATION

American Physician Shows Plan of Handling Milk Would Protect But Few.

Brussels, Sept. 16.—Dr. Henry L. Coit, of Newark, N. J., president of the American Milk commissions, strongly opposed in an address yesterday at the international milk congress, the compulsory pasteurization of milk as a means of effectively improving the supply of milk. Dr. Coit said that to employ pasteurization as anything more than a temporary expedient would be undesirable, because it would remove the incentive to the public to compel the producer to accomplish an improvement. Pasteurized milk in bulk is not only intrinsically less desirable than clean, raw milk, declared Dr. Coit, but is actually unsafe unless it is consumed within 24 hours and is kept at or below 10 degrees centigrade (50 degrees fahrenheit). Dr. Coit also said:

"To resort to the compulsory pasteurization of the milk supply of large cities as a protection against tuberculosis, instead of taking more radical measures for its eradication from milk herds, would protect only those who live in the cities and expose all who live in the rural districts. The only real safeguard lies in the complete eradication of bovine tuberculosis."

Engineer's Dream Prevents a Serious Railroad Wreck

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 13.—Confidence in a dream probably averted a big wreck on the Northern Central railroad.

Previous to reporting for duty at the roundhouse Engineer James Burd, who hauls the Buffalo flyer, leaving Harrisburg at 11:10 p. m., dreamed that his train had run into a landslide at a point between Dauphin and Halifax, fifteen miles from here.

He told his dream to several roundhouse attaches, but they laughed at him. Engineer Burd, to ease his mind, determined to run slowly after passing Dauphin. So speeding his train up to the limit until Dauphin was passed, Burd slowed up. And it was well he did, for at a point some distance north of Dauphin, identical with the place he had seen in his dream, the engine ploughed into a landslide. Going slowly the engineer was able to bring his train to a stop,with little or no damage.

Coal Situation Is Serious; Famine Is Being Predicted

Philadelphia, Sept. 12.—Anthracite and bituminous operators say that the coal situation is growing serious throughout the state and it is freely predicted that before midwinter there will be a famine.

The supply of water has already become a serious problem in the anthracite region. The Reading company is compelled to send between 35 and 40 tank cars of water to its collieries daily to keep them in operation. The labor supply has been below normal several weeks. Unless there is considerable rain it may be necessary to suspend operations at some of the collieries it is declared.

The King of Siam Likes Dogs

New York, Sept. 14.—Kaiser Wilhelm, says a Berlin dispatch, has had an amusing and expensive experience in remembering the king of Siam's birthday. The king, while the kaiser's guest, expressed admiration for the kaiser's two intelligent little dachshunds that follow their master everywhere. When the king went to Homburg he expressed a wish to possess a similar pair to take with him to Siam.

The remark was communicated to the kaiser, together with the fact that the king's birthday would occur in a few days, and he gave orders to procure a number of the best specimens of the breed and sent seven pairs for the king to choose from.

The ruler of Siam was so overcome with the kindness of the kaiser that he accepted all fourteen dogs, which he will take home with him. It was only when a palace official who had been entrusted with the delivery of the dogs returned that the kaiser learned the cost of the gift. He took the situation good humoredly as a joke on himself.

GENERAL BOOTH IS COMING

Commander to Wage Campaign in U. S. and Canada.

London, Sept. 13.—Men and women wearing uniforms of the Salvation Army filled Euston railroad station here this morning, a large party having assembled to bid farewell to General Booth, who left London for Liverpool, where he will embark on the Allan line steamer Virginian for Quebec, in which city the veteran commander will begin a campaign which is to extend over Canada and the United States.

SECRECY IS WATCHWORD

Hereafter Fleets Will Be Kept in Home Waters.

Cruise to the Philippines Not Contemplated—Naval Base at Olonpago to Be Rushed.

Washington, Sept. 14.—The administration has considered the military phases of the Japanese question and not see any reason why it should keep the battleship fleet on the Atlantic coast or send it to the Philippines. There is said to be no conflict between military expediency and the practice cruise of the battleship fleet to the Pacific coast. Indeed, the intimation is guardedly made that there is a peculiar harmony in the strategic conclusions of the presence of the battle fleet in the Pacifis.

Will Keep Together.

Hereafter the battleship fleet will be kept together, and after its visit to the Pacific coast it will return to the Atlantic coast, if everything is serene. The accommodations on the Pacific coast are inadequate to maintain the fleet permanently, in addition to the big squadron of sixteen cruisers that is to remain on that coast permanently. The main object in sending the battleship fleet around South America is to test the ability of the officers and men to handle the fleet and to demonstrate to the world that the navy is able to protect the coasts of the United States.

Practically the entire American navy will be kept in home waters hereafter, for the sake of economy and secrecy. The money that was formerly scattered abroad will be expended at home. Foreign mechanics and dock-yard managers are not to be afforded an opportunity of gaining minute knowledge of the structural armament and equipment of American war vessels, as they had when these vessels were docked in foreign shipyards.

The Pacific coast will be protected within a few months by 16 cruisers, most of them of the first-class. These vessels will remain on the coast, and will be kept at sea almost constantly.

No Time for Return.

The time has not been fixed for the eventful return of the fleet from the Pacific. It will never return if it is needed in the Pacific. Assuming that there will be no necessity for its presence there, the fleet probably will be ordered back within a year, according to present flexible plans.

At present the plans do not contemplate a cruise to the Philippines. Meanwhile, it is proposed that the naval base at Olongapo shall be rushed to completion so that vessels may be docked and repaired there, and may rendezvous there, even in case the rest of the Philippinesare temporarily in the hands of another power.

WANTS BETTER MINISTERS

Booker Washington Deplores Poor Quality of Preachers.

Washington, Sept. 14.—A large central training school for ministers somewhere in the heart of the south formed the keynote of an address last night by Booker T. Washington before the National Negro Baptist convention.

He said it was too easy for persons without the proper mental, moral or spiritual equipment to enter the ministry, and it was likewise too easy for improper ministers to remain in the church.

Mr. Washington said that the race must not be contented with being tolerated in communities, but must make itself needed, which could only be done by putting as much brains and skill and conscience into every line of employment as the members of any other race.

TO ADJOURN SEPTEMBER 28

Peace Conference at The Hague Finishing Its Work.

Washington, Sept. 14.—The last session of The Hague conference will be held on September 28, and the protocols will be signed on the following day, according to a letter received by Major Porter, acting judge advocate general of the army, from Brigadier General Geo. B. Davis, a member of the American delegation.

The letter was written a week ago, and in giving the status of the work of the various commissions, showed that the matters in which America is particularly interested were near completion.

$84,449,000 HAS BEEN SPENT ON "BIG DITCH."

Washington, Sept. 12.—The Panama canal cost the American government $84,449,000 up to December 31, 1906, according to a statement of the audited expenditures just published.

The bulk of this expenditure was the $50,000,000 paid the French company and the Panama government for canal property, right of way and franchises, and $3,449,022 went for material and supplies.

For general administration, there was expended $1,124,226; government and sanitation, $4,381,080, and construction and engineering, $9,729,554. Other expenses include $12,138,852 under the head of plant.

MORE YELLOW FEVER CASES

American Soldier Among Latest to Be Stricken.

Washington, Sept. 14.—In a despatch received at the war department today from Havana, Governor Magoon outlines the yellow fever situation in Cuba. The cablegram says there were four new cases discovered at Cienfuegos Thursday and three yesterday. All are Spaniards, except one American soldier, Private William Foster, of the 15th cavalry. This case is believed to have been contracted in town and does not indicate an infection of the camp.

HAVE FAITH IN ROOSEVELT

Negroes Believe Him Manly Enough to Correct Errors.

Washington, September 13.—"This convention is not opposed to President Roosevelt because it is not a political convention," declared Rev. Dr. C. E. Morris, the president, in calling the National Baptist (negro) convention together at the second day's session.

Dr. Morris said there are many negroes in the convention who are for President Roosevelt, although they are convinced he made a mistake in the Brownville affair. The speaker said further that these negroes believe the President is "manly enough to correct his error when the time comes."

THE WARSHIP ESCAPED

Indiana Was Nearly Destroyed by Fire.

Washington, Sept. 11.—The navy department today made public the fact that through a fire in her coal bunkers on the morning of September 5 the battleship Indiana, now undergoing repairs at the League Island navy yard, narrowly escaped destruction, the ammunition in the adjacent magazines being safely removed only through the exhibition of the greatest courage on the part of the officers and crew.

UNCLE SAM GROWS BASKET WILLOW

Forest Service Shows American Product Is as Good as That Imported From Europe.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Fourteen hundred pounds of dry basket willow of the highest grade, grown on Uncle Sam's experimental farm at Arlington, just across the Potomac from Washington, has just been shipped to a willow-craft concern at North Cambridge, Mass., where it will be manufactured into various useful articles.

This is the second year that experts in the forest service have demonstrated that fine basket willow can be grown as well and as widely in this country as in Europe. Two-thirds of the stock which has been shipped consists of first-class peeled rods, while the remainder is unpeeled. This willow is suitable for the best grade of basket ware.

Part of this stock will be used to make waste baskets, desk baskets, and other pieces of office equipment for the forest service, which will take payment in this form for the rods to their full market value.

The stock which has just been shipped was left over after upwards of 10,000 choice cuttings had been taken out for free distribution among prospective willow growers. The success of the government with its experiments in extensive willow culture has proved that stock which is equal or superior to the finest imported rods can be grown very profitably in the United States, and has led many farmers and others to start willow growing for themselves.

To all of those who wish to experiment, the forest service of the United States department of agriculture furnishes information and free cuttings. It seems probable that in a few years willow culture will be an important industry in America.

Willow culture is already practiced in New York, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Illinois, and experts have found that the soil in many other sections is adapted for its growth.

WAR DEPT. ANTICIPATES PROTEST

Issues Statement Showing Record of Negro Troops to Be Stationed in New York State.

Washington, Sept. 14.—Anticipating the probability of criticism and protest because of the assignment of the Twenty-fourth negro regiment of infantry at Madison barracks and Fort Ontario in New York state, on their returning from the Philippines, the war department has compiled data showing the service of that organization.

Except two months spent in Florida and four months following in Cuba, in 1898, the regiment has never been stationed east of the Mississippi river. The officials of the department say the four negro regiments, two cavalry and two infantry, with but unimportant exceptions, have had no service east of the Mississippi river or north of Mason and Dixon's line.

General Oliver, the acting secretary of war, also said the question of color did not enter into the assignment of the regiments, and that the Twenty-fourth had simply taken its regular turn in relieving the Twenty-third. The army was the creation of congress, and if people feel they are being discriminated against in having a negro regiment in their locality, the remedy, he said, lies with congress.

Speaking of the negro soldiers, the acting secretary declared that there are less desertions, with better discipline and more re-enlistments among the men of the black regiments than in the average white regiments. If ordinary treatment is given the negroes, such as is accorded the white soldiers, he felt sure there would not be any trouble.

Elephant's Tail Sent to Loeb

Oyster Bay, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Secretary Loeb has an elephant on his hands—at least a part of an elephant, and it might as well be a whole living pachyderm, so far as Loeb knows what to do with it. It is the tail of a huge quadruped that is worrying the secretary, and it arrived yesterday.

Ernest Lyon, United States minister to Liberia, is donor of the elephant's tail. In a letter accompanying it he explains that no one but a person in authority is allowed to use an elephant's tail either for decorative purposes or a fly spatter. Lyon declared that as Loeb is in high authority and appears daily before the "most high of the administration," he is entitled to carry the emblem of power. The present is about a foot and a half long, supplied with a black, bristly brush at one end and a neat leather handle at the other.

Some speculation was indulged in at the executive offices as to what will happen the first time Loeb appears before the "most high of the administration," waving his elephant's tail. Bets were offered that the executive will declare the trophy the work of some African nature fakir and refuse to touch it. Another guess was that he will send a special message to the Liberian congress to pass a law forbidding the docking of elephants.

HILL ROADS TO ESCAPE

Indications Are Inquiry Will Be Dropped.

Belief Prevails That an Investigation of Hill Interests Would Work Mischief.

Washington, Sept. 12.—Immediately upon the reassambling of the interstate commerce commission, early in October, consideration will be given to the order received by the commission some months ago providing for an inquiry into the operations of the railroads in the control of James J. Hill.

All indications point to an abandonment of the inquiry. Formal notice to this effect will probably be given by the commission following its first meeting after the summer recess.

Planning Big Inquiry.

The determination of the commission to probe the Hill roads was reached coincident with the issuance of the order for an investigation into the conduct and management of the railroads of E. H. Harriman. At that time it was planned to look into all the railroads in the United States, and, 2 although the project was regarded as one of great magnitude, the commission fully intended to embark upon it. The conclusion has been reached that no useful purpose will be accomplished by a general inquiry into the methods of business of the Hill roads or the other big carriers of the country.

It is contended the publicity given to the transactions of Mr. Harriman, which some authorities say were almost general in the transportation world, has resulted in reforms all along the line. Officers here say that Mr. Harriman has corrected many of the abuses found in the management of his railroad property, and that other railroad men in positions of power and responsibility have done likewise.

No Further Action.

The belief prevails that if the commission should undertake, in the case of the Hill roads, an inquiry such as was made in connection with the Harriman lines, a great deal of mischief might result. The conviction has been growing in Washington for some weeks that no further action would be taken by the federal government in the Harriman case.

While it is asserted by officers that railroad mergers, for which Mr. Harriman and those associated with him are responsible, are believed to have been effected in violation of the provisions of the Sherman anti-trust act, doubt is expressed that the government would be successful before the court or courts in suits begun in this connection.

KEEP BODY IN PARLOR.

White Plains, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Because she could not bear to have the body of her only son removed to a temporary grave pending the completion of the family vault, Mrs. Robert B. Ryan, of this village, persuaded her husband to have his body embalmed and to keep it at their home till the vault should be ready to receive it.

The body, in its coffin, has been kept in the parlor of the Ryan home since the embalming, August 30, the day following the young man's death.

Mr. Ryan says he expects the vault to be ready any day, but if necessary he would keep the body at his home for a year.

TO SEND COAL AND MEAT

Emergency Supplies Will Be Stored on the Isthmus.

Washington, Sept. 12.—In preparation for any emergency, Colonel Goethals, engineer in chief of the Panama canal, has arranged for storing, in the refrigerator plant at Colon, a large quantity of meat supplies. The Isthmian canal commission has approved his suggestion to send to the Isthmus 2,400 quarters of beef, which will be forwarded on a transport sailing September 17. What port the transport will sail from is not known.

A large supply of coal also is to be sent on five vessels, several of which are already on the way to Colon. The commission denies that there has been any shortage, either of meat supplies or coal, on the Isthmus.

CELEBRATE "OHIO DAY"

New Englanders Hold Exercises at Rutland, Mass.

Rutland, Mass., Sept. 14.—The movement of New England men which figured so prominently in the early settlement of the west, and Ohio particularly, was commemorated in this town today by the celebration of "Ohio Day." General Rufus Putnam and the band of New Englanders who settled Marietta, Ohio, after the Revolutionary war, established the first permanent settlement in Ohio and the west and opened the way for the extensive settlement of Ohio and the west.

The feature of today's observance was a reproduction of the first departure of New England immigrants.

President Carroll D. Wright, of Clark university, and Prof. James K. Hosmer, one of the New Englanders who have made their mark in the professional life of the west, spoke of the relations existing at the present time between New England and the west, and welcome to the returning settlers was extended by representatives of the Western Society of Boston and the Ohio Society of New York.

LEAVES MONEY TO YALE

The University to Benefit by Englishman's Will.

New Haven, September 12.—Inquiries of Secretary A. B. Stokes, jr., of Yale university, regarding the reported bequest to the university by Archibald Henry Blount, Lord of the Manor of Orleton, Herefordshire, England, have brought out the fact that Mr. Blount took the initiative as far back as 1898 regarding a legacy to the university.

In 1899 a copy of his will submitted to the treasurer of the university received his approval. Last year Mr. Blount wrote that he was considering making the gift to Yale during his life time, instead of by bequest.

Little is known here regarding the origin of his interest in Yale.

ALASKAN VOLCANO ACTIVE

Eruption Accompanied by Hurricane—No Lives Lost.

Seattle, Sept. 11.—Advices received here from an officer of the revenue cutter Rush, lying at Dutch Harbor, and dated September 4, say that on September 1 and 2 a volcano on the Aleutian islands broke forth, sending tons of ashes and cinders over a score or more of native villages, frightening the native Alaskans as well as the whites out of their wits and covering the decks of the cutter with debris from the volcano. A hurricane accompanied the phenomenon and wild fowl of all kinds were driven far out to sea. No lives were reported lost. The eruption occurred in the vicinity of the volcanic island Perry, which sprang up from the sea a short time after the San Francisco earthquake.

CHANGE FOOD

And Lose That Uneasy Feeling.

A man who has always been a "skinny chap," although hardly ever ill, tells of the way he put on flesh and reduced his irritability and nervous condition.

By chance he had a taste of Grape-Nuts food at the table of a friend and enjoyed the flavour so much that he began to have it every meal. He says:

"In a short time I found myself another person, the old feeling of discontent and uneasiness left me entirely, it became a pleasure to go about my work, whereas, before, for years, I had always had the feeling of being a little weary, but now I seem to have a surplus of energy for everything; my weight has increased 11 pounds in four weeks, and am still gaining.

"I have never been very sick and am satisfied if my present improvement in health continues, I shall not be.

"The change that this food has made in my life has been remarkable and so satisfactory that I am glad of the opportunity to tell you." Read "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a Reason."

SENTENCED TO 20 YEARS

Allentown, Pa., Sept. 16.—Twenty years in the penitentiary at Philadelphia was the sentence pronounced here today on Robert Hartzell, who pleaded guilty to 23 charges of arson and theft.

CAPITAL GOSSIP.

Washington, Sept. 14.—In the opinion of officials at the state department, the anti-Japanese riots at Vancouver, B. C., make it almost certain that negotiations between Washington and Tokio, looking to the exclusion of Japanese from this country, will be renewed, and that probably legislation making such provision will be enacted by congress at the forthcoming session. Such negotiations which were at first contemplated, when the Japanese question was first agitated on the Pacific coast, have been practically at a standstill.

The important point of the outbreak in Vancouver, as viewed at the state department, is the effect the Canadian outburst will have on our own relations with the Japanese government. It is held that the breaking out of popular feeling against the orientals in different parts of this country and Canada is a convincing argument that the troubles of this character are not to be attributed to the hostility merely of labor unions to the Chinese and Japanese, but to an all prevailing prejudice of race which no legislation nor treaty can overcome.

This being admitted, in the judgment of the officials at Washington, the only safe thing to do if international difficulties in the future are to be avoided, is to insist upon the exclusion of the Japanese, putting them in the same class in this respect as the Chinese. Up to this time no progress has been made in the negotiations between the United States and Japan looking to a settlement of differences. This has been because the American government insisted upon some sort of exclusion arrangement, while the Mikado's government just as insistently opposed it. Because of the offensive and defensive treaty existing with Great Bitain, Japan unquestionably felt that she had the moral support of the English government in her claims and the tone of the London press bore out this inference. Now, however, it is believed that Japan can no longer count upon the sympathy or support of Great Britain in this respect. Indeed, there is every probability that whatever is the outcome of the present situation, the United States and England will stand upon precisely similar ground and that neither country will be satisfied with anything but an understanding that will markedly restrict Japanese immigration to its territory.

Although the time lost by the miners during the suspension of work, beginning on April 1, amounted to more than 30 per cent of the actual time made during the year, the production of coal in Ohio, in 1906, showed a normal increase over that of the preceding year.

In Ohio, as in other states, the operators had anticipated that a period of idleness would follow the termination of the wage agreement on March 31, and for several months prior to that date production was pushed on the fullest capacity of the mines. This, together with the fact that many of the mines were kept in operation, or were closed down for a short time only, provided a supply of fuel practically sufficient for the emergency, and with a year of continued prosperity among the manufacturing and transportation interests in Ohio, the coal production of the state increased from 25,552,950 short tons, valued at $26,486,740, in 1905, to 27,731,640 short tons, valued at $30,346,580, in 1906, a gain of 2,178,690 tons, or 8.5 per cent in quantity, and of $3,859,840, or 14.6 per cent in value.

Of the 29 coal-producing counties in the state 17 reported increased production in 1906, while in 12 the production decreased. The principal increase was in Jefferson county, whose output showed a gain of 1,246,044 short tons, or nearly 40 per cent, following an increase of 853,254 short tons, or 35 per cent, in 1905 over the production of 1904. The production of Athens county increased 401,626 tons; of Belmont county, 308,885 tons, and of Guernsey county, 354,134 tons. The heaviest loss was in Jackson county, where the production decreased from 1,888,932 short tons to 1,369,800 short tons.

The number of men employed increased from 43,399, in 1905, to 45,438 in 1906. The average number of working days in 1906 was 167, as compared with 176 in 1905, and 175 in 1904, so that it appears that, notwithstanding the time lost during the suspension of operations (averaging 71 days for the 37,636 men affected), the actual amount of time lost, as compared with the records made in the two preceding years, was not material. It is doubtful if Ohio's production would have shown any greater increase in 1906 had the mines been operated normally during the year. As a result of the conditions which prevailed the average production, for each man employed, increased from 588.9 tons, in 1905, to 610.3 tons in 1906, and the average daily production, per man, increased from 3.35 to 3.65 short tons.

As in the other states where coal mining has been carried on during the last few years under agreement with the miners' union, the mines of Ohio, with only a few exceptions, are operated eight hours a day. In 1906 there were 461 mines, employing 44,003 men, out of a total for the state of 45,438 men, which operated on the eight hour basis. Eight mines, employing 174 men, worked nine hours, and three mines, employing 76 men, worked ten hours. There were 1,185 men whose time was not reported. There were 201 mining firms and companies which reported their mines shut down during the suspension period pending adjustment of the wage scale in the spring of 1906. These companies employed 37,636 of the 45,438 men in the coal mines of Ohio. Consequently over 80 per cent of the mine workers were idle during some portion of the year. The time lost was equal to 35 per cent of the total time made, and the average time lost for each man idle was 71 days.

Ohio leads all the other coal-producing states in the percentage of the total product that is mined by the use of machines. The statistics for 1906 show that 1,238 mining machines were in use, an increase of 197, as compared with 1905, when 1,041 machines were in use. The machine-mined product increased from 16,888,417 short tons, or 66.1 per cent of the total, in 1905, to 19,936,014 short tons, or 72 per cent of the total in 1906.

In 1904, 57.3 per cent of Ohio's total production was mined by machines, and in 1905 the percentage of machine-mined coal to the total was 56.39. A large part of the increased efficiency in the productive capacity of the mineworkers is the result of the increased use of machinery for undercutting coal, the average daily output, per man, having increased from 3.05 tons, in 1903, to 3.2 tons in 1904, 3.35 tons in 1905, and to 3.65 tons in 1906.

The statistics of the accidents in the coal mines of Ohio, as compiled by Mr. George Harrison, state mine inspector, show that while the production in 1906 was considerably larger than in the preceding year and that there was a corresponding increase in the number of men employed, there was a gratifying decrease in the number of fatal accidents, from 131, in 1905, to 127 in 1906.

Fifty-nine per cent of the deaths in 1906, or 75 out of a total of 127, were due to falls of roof, and 4 per cent to fall of coal. Five deaths were due to falls of coal, twelve miners were crushed or run over by mine cars and motors, seven were killed by electric wires, and three were electrocuted by shocks from mining machines. Seven deaths were due to premature blasts and powder explosions. Only three deaths resulted from explosions of fire damp.

WEALTHY widow, fine appearance, would like to meet honorable gentleman; view matrimony. Would assist financially if necessary. M. Glinn, 171 E. 22d st., Chicago.

WEALTHY ladies and gentlemen of refinement, anxious to marry; photographs and descriptions free. T. B., Box 7, Canon City, Col.

A MIDDLE-AGED gentleman who wishes to marry, with an income that is plenty for both, desires to meet young or middle-aged lady. N. Leaman, Dept. 397 Industry Bldg., Chicago.

A YOUNG LADY of considerable money and property, object matrimony, wishes to meet young or middle-aged man. Respectability the principal object desired. Miss N. L., Drawer 387, 85 Fifth ave., Chicago.

AMERICANS! Are you opposed to foreign immigration? We advocate a restriction of foreign immigration. Write for our free paper. The American Guard, Saginaw, Mich.

AGENTS WANTED

to sell "The Arundel" skin tonic and face bleach; cures pimples, removes tan, sunburn, and freckles; keeps the skin soft, smooth and white. Trial size sent postpaid for 25c. Arundel Mfg. Co., 1625 W. 25th street, Cleveland, O.

$230.00 in bills for 13 cts. (silver) and stamp (2c stage money). Howard Linder, 313 Willipie street, Wapakoneta, Ohio.

Wanted! Young Men! Railroad! Brakemen, Firemen, Baggagemen, Electric Motormen, Conductors. Experience unnecessary. Instruction by MAIL. Application blank and book for stamp. **Inter Ry. Inst., No. 10, Indianapolis, Ind.**

CLASHES IN RATE CASE

Sharp Tilts Enliven North Carolina Proceedings.

Washington, Sept. 11.—Frequent clashes between counsel for the state of North Carolina and for the Southern railway enlivened the proceedings in the North Carolina rate case, the controversy being over the question as to whether the counsel for the state should have free access to the books of the railway to make such use of them as it saw fit. General Counsel Thom, for the railway, declared that he did not object to an inspection of the books in the presence of the proper custodian and in the end Special Master Montgomery, who is taking evidence for Circuit Judge Pritchard, announced that he would issue an order for the production of the books under such supervision. Counsel for the state will be allowed to engage an expert accountant to make the inspection.

Some of the exchanges between Captain Thom and ex-Congressman Woodward, of counsel for the state, threatened to become acrimonious and compelled the interference of the special master. Mr. Woodward charged that the road paid to James Pou, a brother of Representative Pou, about $3,000 a year for lobbying in North Carolina, and said he would be able to prove it.

"Then prove it," shouted Mr. Thom, and turning to the special master he demanded that Mr. Woodward be sworn.

TOLEDO TO ENTERTAIN

The National Encampment of Veterans in 1908.

C. G. Burton, of Missouri, Is Elected Commander-in-Chief —The Other Officers.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 13.—Charles G. Burton, of Nevada, Mo., a former member of congress, was elected commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic. The new commander-in-chief was opposed by three candidates, General John T. Wilder, of Knoxville, Tenn.; Charles Burrows, of Rutherford, N. J., and Patrick H. Coney, of Topeka, Kan. His plurality was more than 300.

Other officers elected by the encampment were as follows: Lewis C. Griffith, Troy, N. Y., senior vice commander; William M. Scott, Atlanta, Ga., junior vice commander; Dr. T. Lane Taneyhill, Baltimore, surgeon general; Bishop Samuel Fallows, Chicago, chaplain-in-chief.

Toledo, O., was selected as the place of meeting for the next encampment. The date will be fixed by the national council of administration.

ROGERS SERIOUSLY ILL

Active Head of Standard May Retire From Business.

New York, Sept. 13.—Henry H. Rogers, the Standard Oil millionaire, is so ill that it is possible he may retire from active business. In any event, at least three months must elapse before, under the most favorable conditions, he can expect to again give attention to business.

Wall street today heard with alarm of the serious turn taken by the illness of the famous financier. In dispatches from Boston, it was announced that Mr. Rogers' physician had made a formal declaration in court of the almost critical condition of his patient.

Subpenaed as Witness.

Mr. Rogers has been subpoenaed as a witness in the suit of Cadwallader M. Raymond against the Standard Oil company, for alleged infringement of patents that render petroleum non-explosive.

Dr. Pratt was called to satisfy the court as to the condition of Mr. Rogers, which necessitated his absence. The physician said:

"While Mr. Rogers is slowly improving, his condition is such that much time must elapse before he can transact any business or appear in court as a witness. Mr. Rogers, who is 70 years old, seems to be suffering from general debility. For several months his health has been such that no one could approach him on business matters. He goes to bed at 6 o'clock each night, and only once during the period has he left his home at Fairhaven to go to New York, where he stayed but one hour."

Trust Won Case.

The case in which the millionaire is one of the defendants was decided in favor of the trust by a master to whom it was referred. The present action is the result of the master's decision. Lawyers Beck, of New York, and Hemenway & Badger, of Boston, appeared for Mr. Rogers, while Phillip Wardner represented the interests of the plaintiff.

Every day Mr. Rogers spends some hours sailing on his yacht about the harbor or riding slowly about the country in his auto. Dr. Pratt emphasized the statement that Mr. Rogers' trouble is entirely physical and not mental.

LIPTON ISSUES NEW DEFI

Plucky Englishman Again After America's Cup.

London, Sept. 13.—A challenge for the America's cup, in behalf of Sir Thomas Lipton, in the name of the Royal Irish Yacht club, was mailed to the New York Yacht club from Dublin today.

It is not known why Sir Thomas decided to challenge through the Royal Irish Yacht club instead of the Royal Ulster Yacht club, which isued the previous challenges in his behalf, unless it is that he thinks that a change of luck may follow his hange of clubs.

LARGER THAN LUSITANIA.

Belfast, Sept. 14.—The ship-building firm of Harland & Wolff admit officially that they are at work upon plans for a White Star line steamer that is to be bigger than Lusitania.

The keel of this vesel is to be laid in a few months, and she will be fitted with reciprocating engines and turbines. According to information from another source, the new vessel is to be of 40,000 tons register.

HOUSEHOLD AND YOUNG FOLKS

MORNING THOUGHTS

SUNDAY.

O heart, be soft and true
While thou dost beat;
O hands, be swift to do,
O lips, be sweet.

MONDAY.

An act of goodness is in itself an act of happiness. It is the flower of a loving, inner life of joy and contentment; it tells of peaceful hours, and days on the summit heights of the soul.

TUESDAY.

Our lives are songs;
God writes the words,
And we set them to music at leisure;
And the song is sad, or the song is glad,
As we choose to fashion the measure.

WEDNESDAY.

Seek your joy in what you give, and not in what you get.

THURSDAY.

I sometimes feel the thread of life is slender
And soon with me the labor will be wrought;
Then grows my heart to other hearts more tender—
The time, the time is short.

FRIDAY.

Lift thyself up, look around, and see something higher and brighter than earth, earthworms, and earthly darkness.

SATURDAY.

From the lowliest depth there is a path to the loftiest height.

THE WINGS OF HOPE

He wins who dares. The world loves a hero, and deplores a coward.

Go forth to the battle of life each day, with a bold breast, a lofty brow, a heart mettled for any fate. Walk with firm, elastic tread upon the bounding earth; sway the shoulders backward and drink in long draughts of freedom's air, swelling the chest with resolution's proud impress.

Fear not. Whatever thou hast done, abide therein. If wrong, it will in time adjust itself, if thou art true. If right, the world must see it in the end, though blind and stolid now.

Justice balances the scales of fate. Time heals all wounds. Truth at the last must conquer, though oft beset with ambuscades of error. Far above the gloom of suffering and the grime of toil, high in the heavens of night where not a cloud bedims, hangs the Star of Hope, emblazoning the midnight of our pilgrimage.

Behold the star and fix thy gaze upon her. Tiptoe the earth with lightsome step, and lift thyself by the strong cords of the spirit, toward yon azure dome, where never fall the curtains of the night.

There in imagination dwell in the Paradise of Triumph. Build castles in the air while you may; and build them plentiful and strong—for no artist has ever carved his ideals in the clouds but what some day he has seen them moulded in the living marble, reared in architectural glory, or panoplied in the triumphal emblems of progressive civilizations.

And what though the dusk invite thee to frugal fare and coarse-clothed bed, to hapless solitude and uninvited grief?

Alone, by resolution's aid, thou canst arise self-mastered, and prepare another day for victory's glad advent.

Upon the wings of hope ascend, borne in imagination to the plains of triumph, and undespairing strive on till the dream be realized in fact.

Commune with Nature; behold, she faints not nor expires, but struggles and survives.

She frets not if her cleverest creations shrivel in her hand to dust; for she breathes into a still more beauteous form of clay the breath of life, and celebrates repeated resurrections.

Lie down upon old earth's brown and breathing bosom and feel her heart's pulsations beat in unison with thine. Bury thyself beneath some ancestral tree and court its soothing memories and cool caresses.

Spread thy nostrils and prepare wide avenues for the inflation of God's fresh air that throbs with life in every leaf and humble blade of grass, and thus renewed with vigor and ambition begin again the struggle for achievement.

Thus with freedom throbbing in thy blood renew the promises of youth and swear allegiance to eternal hope.

Then shalt thou seem forever young, as though a thousand years were but a day.

Hope wings her way to where the sun forever shines, and dark despair ne'er shades the night with mantling gloom.

Trust her awakening inspirations, nor falter but toil on till triumph crown the struggle, and peace will smooth the wrinkles that care and age have carved upon thy face. Happiness, the fruit and just reward of faithful effort and obedient virtue, at last shall prove her benediction in the luster of the eye and the laughter of the lips.—From the Kingdom of Love, by Henry Frank.

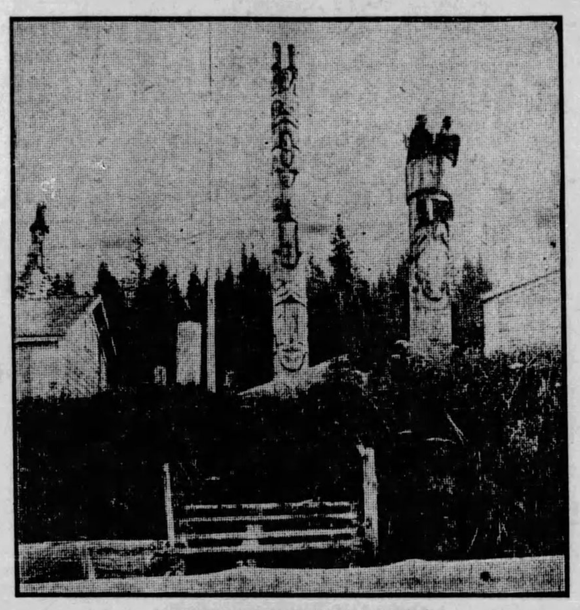
THE INDIANS OF ALASKA

Few people know that women among the Alaskan Indians take precedence over the men, yet such is the case. It would do the heart of a woman suffragist good to see the deference paid to the mother of a family, for here in this far-away country the children take the mother's crest and are incorporated as members of the mother's family. More than this, they do not consider their father's family as relatives, and when it comes to inheritance an Indian does not leave his property to his son but to his nephew or sister's son. This makes Indian geneology in Alaska decidedly mixed, especially as when a woman marries into a distant tribe, the offspring, when grown up, will leave their own tribe to go to the mother's.

All of this is told on the crests of the Indians which appear on houses, totems, canoes, paddles and baskets. Every Alaskan Indian is so proud of his crest that even cooking utensils, in many instances, show the house to which the owner belongs. Many a summer tourist buys an Alaskan basket or carved trinket, little realizing that a whole history lies in the curves, lines and indentions that help to make the curio picturesque, yet such is the case, and the symbolism connected with Alaskan mythology is most interesting. It is doubly so because the Indians are themselves loath to tell the meaning of their crests and it is only of recent years that through Father Duncan, the well-known missionary, some glimpse of Alaskan fables has been gathered.

Curiously enough, the Alaskan Indians, like the other American Indians, have a tradition of the flood. "In the beginning," says the Aleut, "there was nothing but sky and water. There was no land, but in the sky was a big, round moon, in which was a bird with a ring in its mouth. This was so for many ages until one day the bird left the moon and because there was no earth, lighted on the back of a big fish. But in alighting the bird dropped the ring and a toad swallowed it. Immediately there appeared a beautiful girl and shortly after the birth of the girl land appeared with animals on it. Still another period of time and a bear became the father of the first man."

This is the account of the creation



FLAGSTAFF AND TOTEM POLES.

as understood by the Alaskan Indians, and from this story they get their four large and important tribes, said to be descended from the bird, fish, toad and bear, and this is why one of these animals appears in every Alaskan Indian's crest. No matter how tiny the carving or intricate the design, a close observer can trace one of these animals, and in this way tell to which tribe he belongs. In quite as ingenious a way, the Alaskan Indian lays claim to land, for he contends that at one time an overwhelming flood swept the earth and submerged the land, spreading death and destruction. Some of their forefathers escaped in canoes, and when they landed, after the waters subsided, they staked out pre-emption claims. These certainly must be the oldest pre-emption claims in the world.

This is how the Alaskan Indians account for the peculiar fact that though widely separated, the members of each claim retain the crests of their respective families. To the present day they follow the old customs and, strange as it may seem, a relationship holds good should the person belong to a strange tribe or speak a different language, or be located thousands of miles apart. These Indians are fast passing, and the white man is crowding them out, but when an Indian chooses to tell the story of his tribal crest it is a strange record of a passing clan.—From Vogue.

THE COZY CORNER

A LETTER FROM "NERVY."

Dear Cozy Corner Friends:—I will try to write a few lines this evening. It is raining and everything is dark and dreary. I have just received The Blade, and, after reading the letters from the sisters, I could not wait any longer, but thought I would write. Do you know that the first thing I do, when I get The Blade, is to turn to the household page and read the letters from the sisters. They are just like a visit from dear, old friends.

I have been picking berries. I have canned 32 gallons and have made some jelly. This is a busy time on the farm. Tomatoes will soon be ready to can. I will tell you how I made a trunk, or window seat. Take a box three and a half feet long and two feet wide. Paper on outside and inside with wall paper, to match paper on the walls of the room in which the trunk is to be placed, if possible. Cut lid out of plank to fit box. Fasten on with small hinges, or strips of leather if you have no hinges. Pad the top of lid with cotton batting. Cover with a top pieced out of scraps of outing flannel, or any other suitable goods, and finish with a ruffle around the edge of lid. This holds a good many clothes and makes a nice window seat.

No, Otach, we do not keep a hired man. My father-in-law lives with us, which makes seven in the family. You said you would let the man of the house do his own milking. I have been married eight years and I have never seen my husband milk a cow yet. He does not eat butter, or use milk in any way, shape, or form, except in bread.

I think I will teach my boys to milk when they get big enough. My brother lived with us till last spring. He always helped me milk. He is working now on public works, and, oh, how I miss him.

I will try to describe my house. I know you will say: "How old-fashioned!"

We live in West Virginia, up a long hollow, nearly one mile from the public road, in an old-fashioned log house. Our barn and corn cribs are also built of logs. We live 12 1-2 miles from a railroad. I never rode on a train in my life, and I never have seen but one passenger train. You may know from this I have stayed close to the farm.

Can any of the sisters tell me how to can beets without acid? How many of you have tried keeping bees? We have fourteen stands. I have four stands of my own. I think a woman could make her spending money if she did not have such a close market for honey on the dining room table.

I think there are a good many ways we farmers' wives can help the good man in keeping out of debt. I am trying to raise turkeys this year to buy the children's winter clothes. I have raised plenty of cabbages, onions, tomatoes and beans, and everything else that grows in a vegetable garden. I think I can sell $25 worth and have plenty for ourselves.

I am trying to teach my little girl to wash dishes and my little boys to help around the house, but it takes patience, and, I tell you, they worry me almost out of my senses sometimes, but they must be taught.

I would like for more farmers' wives to write to the Cozy Corner and tell how they manage their work—not the ones that have plenty of money, and everything they want—but those who have to work from morning till night to make both ends meet. I would like them to send their plans for making a little pin money. I know they are busy now, but perhaps they can find time to write.—Nervy.

The Editor hopes that the farmers' wives will accept Nervy's invitation, and write to the Corner.

SHE LIKES THE LETTERS.

As soon as The Blade comes, I always read the letters first, and I have received a great deal of help and many good ideas from them. I have always thought I should like to contribute a letter, too, so while I am in the mood I will write to the Cozy Corner.

I am the mother of three little boys. One is not quite four, the second is two years old, and the baby is one year and four months; so you probably know that I have my hands full. But they have always been healthy, good-natured children, so that is half the battle.

I enjoyed reading a letter some time ago from a sister who had a little girl and boy. They lived on a farm, and she was writing about how she made their clothes and made her own carpets, etc. I do not remember her name, but if she reads this, she will know who I mean. I wish she would write again. I have never seen a letter from Aurora, so I would like to tell you that we think it the nicest little city in Illinois. It is situated on the Fox river, and has more miles of paving than any city—for its size—in the state. It also has the distinction of being the first city in the United States to be lighted by electricity—I mean to use electricity for lighting streets.—Aurora Belle.

HOME MADE BROODER.

I will try to tell "A Young Wife" how we raise chickens without a brooder. I used a large box with paper on the bottom, and over the top a piece of old blanket and three thicknesses of carpet. For the warmth I heat a flat stone in the oven and wrap it in paper. The chicks hover around the stone and are nice and warm. By using papers which can be burned, everything is kept clean. The cover must be left up a little at one end, so the chickens can get fresh air and run out and in as they like. I use the stone day and night till the chicks are about five weeks old, then I begin to break off with not quite so hot a stone. If they hover up together they need more heat. The first week I feed them nothing but rolled oats. After that, dry corn meal, rolled barley, cracked wheat and corn, with plenty of fresh water. The last of April I took off 88 fine, healthy chicks, and only lost two of them. We had some very cold, rainy weather for a week, but I kept them in the house with the hot stones. A good warm place to keep them is a great help.

It is a great deal of work to raise chickens in this way, but it saved buying a brooder, and there is no gas to kill them.—A Reader.

ADVICE FROM GRANDMA.

One of our friends who signs herself Grandma, advises strongly against the use of tin cans in preserving fruit and vegetables. She says: I have canned fruit and tomatoes for forty years with splendid success. I use glass jars and make the sealing wax of resin and tallow, using to half a pint of melted resin, a piece of tallow the size of a hickory nut. I have no luck with self-sealing jars. I weigh my jar lids down with stones and look them over carefully before setting them away from the light.

I have raised a family of healthy children. Never had a doctor called but once, and then it was for a case of pneumonia. My children are all married. The youngest boy weighs two hundred and thirty. The oldest one is six feet tall. I'll not tell the other boy's size for fear you will think husband and I are giants, which we are not. I weigh 110. Grandpa weighs 175. We have passed our sixtieth birthdays, but we enjoy good health and lots of fun, feel young, and practice physical culture, which should be practiced in every home each day.—Grandma.

WHAT SHALL SHE DO?

I have always lived on a farm. I go to school in winter. I have two more winters to attend. When I am through school I should like to learn the millinery trade. I live about two miles from town. My parents say it is too far to go. I wish some of the Cozy Corner friends would tell me what to do. I have three brothers, one sister, and my parents. They say I must not go.—Anxious Hetty.

A NEW COMER.

As this is my first letter, I will tell where I live and who I am. I am a farmer's wife, the same as a good many others who have written.

I, too, think the country is very pleasant, though we all have our own work to do.

I have a dear little boy, fourteen months old, and he is a great amount of company for me when my husband is out at work.

I live in the northern part of Indiana, near a beautiful little stream. We have the free mail service and telephone, so you see we are not lonely.

I shall be glad to be counted one of the sisters.—Frances.

FROM THE OIL COUNTRY.

I have been a reader of The Blade for a number of years, especially the Cozy Corner, but have never made an attempt to write a letter, for the reason that I thought I could not write one worthy of space, but the editor said, "tell something about your homes, how and where you live," so here I am.

We live on a farm near the center of West Virginia, with a large oil and gas territory on either side. All the farms are under lease, or have oil or gas wells on them. Do any of the sisters burn gas? If not, they do not know the conveniences it gives to housekeeping. We have telephone service and free mail. I raise all kinds of poultry. My husband deals mostly in sheep and cattle. I have one little girl, three years old, who thinks she can set the table.—Isabel.

HELPFUL HINTS.

A recipe for paste, which is just the thing for The Blade readers to use in making their scrap books, as it will not color through the clippings or turn yellow with age:

One ounce of gum tragacanth in a quart glass can filled with water. Let stand 24 hours. Then stir and beat thoroughly, adding half an ounce of sassafras oil.—B. S.

To drive away cockroaches, place either powdered borax or cucumber parings, or both, where the insects are. Place the cucumber parings where they will eat them during the night. Repeat with fresh parings until they are gone.—M. F. H.

For a felon: Take the white of an egg and bind on part affected.

For pinkeye or inflammation of any kind: Brew a tea of catnip and smart weed. Stir in enough cornmeal to make a poultice, and apply to the inflammation. Relief will come in a short time.

For toothache: Use alum or burn a piece of brown wrapping paper on a clean plate and use the ashes.

For whitening the skin: One ounce of precipitated chalk; one ounce zinc of oxide, 60 drops of glycerine, 32 ounces of rosewater. Get a quarter's worth at a time.—Celina.

INQUIRIES.

"Nervy" would like to know what will take out ink stains.

A correspondent asks if any of The Blade readers have, or know of book, or books, Lena Leota, or Prairie Flower. They are companion books, written by Emerson Bennett. Answer Box 372, Quaker City, Ohio.

Celina asks information regarding something to restore the hair and make it grow.

INQUIRIES ANSWERED.

The best way to remove tartar from the teeth is to go to a dentist and have them cleaned. If this is not convenient, get five cents' worth of powdered pumice stone. Take a wooden toothpick, or any small, sharp pointed stick, dip the end in the pumice, and go over the teeth carefully, working between them so as to remove all discoloration. Use the pumice as a tooth powder when brushing your teeth, but do not use it too often, as it will destroy the enamel. If teeth are well cared for, as they should be, they should last a lifetime, unless illness has affected them. Take care of your teeth.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

We are glad to acknowledge letters from Aunty, F. H. P., Celina, Ill., Ignoramus, Mrs. M. N. N., and Susie Cunningham, of Kentucky.

N. M. of Harbor Creek—The address you ask for is not in my possession.

Ohio Pansy—Thank you for your letter of explanation. We shall use it later. Send in your words for pronunciation. We will help you out if we can. Do not fail to send the gingerbread recipe. We like to have "home grown" things.

Mrs. Elsa A.:—The original Nasby letters are out of print, but if I can find a copy in any of the book stores, I will let you know.—Ed.

CONTRIBUTED RECIPES

Grey Wing writes that in the recipe for tomato or mock oysters, published August 29, it should read, one-half teaspoon of soda, instead of one and one-half. The three following recipes are from our good friend, Grey Wing, also:

Apple Dumplings—Make a rich biscuit dough, roll out and cut with a biscuit cutter, the same as biscuits. Roll each biscuit in flour and roll out thin, one-fourth of an inch or less. Fill with apples sliced very thin, or canned apples will do. Turn up the edges, pinch together, and lay it smooth side up in a deep baking pan. When you have a sufficient number, sprinkle a large handful of flour over them. Sprinkle generously with sugar and cinnamon, or nutmeg, add a few lumps of butter, then fill the dish with hot water. Bake slowly half an hour. Other fruit can be used in place of apple if preferred. Have the pan deep enough so the water may boil without running over. The dumplings should be well covered. They usually raise to the top and brown nicely. "Sisters, try them."

Apple Cake—Make a rich biscuit dough as for shortcake. Place half on a tin and cover with thinly sliced apples, sugar and spice. Over this lay the other half of the dough, which should be rolled thin. Cover the top layer with slices of apple, sugar and spice, and bake for twenty minutes. If the apples are cut first in quarters and then sliced, the slices may be arranged in rows on the dough, adding very much to the appearance of the cake.

Quick Potatoes:—Peel the potatoes and slice very thin. Drop into boiling water and let cook ten minutes. Drain and season with pepper and salt, a little butter and half a cup of hot cream or rich milk. Serve at once.

Sweet Cucumber Pickles:—Take large, yellow seed cucumbers. Wash, peel, and split lengthwise twice, taking out all seeds and soft pulp. Cut the solid part in pieces about two or three inches square. When this is done, put in a kettle about one quart of vinegar. If it is too strong, add a little water, and one quart of sugar, some cloves, cinnamon and other spices. Let come to a boil. Taste, and if it is like the syrup for other sweet pickles, add the cucumbers until the syrup can just be seen between the pieces. Cook till tender enough to slip from a fork, as they can easily be cooked too much and spoiled.—From Kentuck.

Canned Grapes:—Pick the grapes off the stems. Pulp them and place the pulps in a dish by themselves, the skins in another. Boil up the pulps, strain through a fine colander, then mix pulps and skins together. Put in sugar to taste, and spices, also.—Mrs. C. H. Stevens.

White Bean Soup:—Carefully pick over and wash one pint of white soup beans—the large ones cook the quickest, though the small ones make just as good soup. Add one large onion, peeled and sliced, and a small piece of salt pork merely to impart a good flavor. Put in kettle with the addition of plenty of cold water and let simmer till the beans are cooked through and fall apart and the soup is of the proper consistency, seasoning with salt and pepper. It is especially good on a cold, raw day.—Mary B.

Blackberry Cake:—Cream one cup of sugar with one-half cup of butter; add two well-beaten eggs, one cup of crushed canned blackberries and four tablespoons of juice. Into this beat one and two-thirds cups of flour sifted with one teaspoon of soda and one-fourth teaspoon of any spices preferred. Bake in a loaf or layers.—F. C.

M. G. R.

Dear M. G. R.'s:—True to my promise, I will tell you how a professional nurse became a rural letter carrier. First, I became a nurse because before my marriage fourteen years ago, I wanted to study medicine, but my limited means would not allow.

Since the death of my husband I felt it a duty to try and help relieve the sick and afflicted. In fact, live up to the beautiful motto of the M. G. R.'s: "Do all the good I can."

My father is a rural carrier, and I his substitute. It was after three months of close application to my profession that he wanted a vacation, and I needed the fresh air and recreation. I love nature and certainly found the route a great pleasure as well as a profitable trip.

I left my home in the extreme east end of the city at 5:30 a. m. I arrived at the postoffice at 6:10. It takes from forty to sixty minutes to route the mail. In leaving the city I climb one of the largest hills; on the right are many beautiful homes, and on the left one of our most beautiful parks. I pass five cemeteries en route. It being early in the morning I could hear the beautiful song birds. The flowers were in bloom; even the weeds that bloomed seemed beautiful to me.

The route is a little more than 24 miles long, but was never more than nine miles away from home, there being so many loops and occasional traversing of the same road twice. The route lies in a German township, where most all the women work in the garden, the same as the men.

One farmer has seven daughters and no sons, but they wield the hoe as well as a man. I found them all so liberal and kind-hearted. The fifteen days I served I was showered with flowers, fruit and vegetables, and many kind words.

The last three days I was visited by thunderstorms. Two were almost cloudbursts. Of course, I got drenched; worst of all, frightened, because I was on a high hill and the lightning scared my horse, but no damage was done. I drove to the postoffice to find Uncle Sam's inspector, the postmaster and my father worried about either the mail or me—they never said which.

Nevertheless I intend to sub again in September. I shall again need the rest and change, as I have been busy with my professional duties all summer. From September 19 for two weeks I'm off for a visit "On the Banks of the Wabash." Above all, give me the sick room, I get close to human nature and have the chance to study it in many phases.

I must confess a bad temper is not my weak point, although not an angel, but a nurse must cultivate a kind and cheerful disposition to be a success.

"Farmer John," where is the sugar-land in southern Indiana? I like "A Hoosier Rustic's little speech" about "the home being the cornerstone of civilization. You expressed my sentiments exactly. What part of Indiana do you reside in? My home city is 80,000 strong. Guess where I live.—Salome, of Indiana.

I have been a reader of The Blade for a long while, and now wish to be admitted to your circle. I enjoy your letters and think that in each there is something good to learn.

I live on a farm about five miles from a town. I am sixteen years old. I was a graduate from the public schools last spring.

I am a great lover of music. I have a guitar, but am not a very accomplished player. It is so hard to get pretty pieces for the guitar here that I have almost become discouraged, but I now take hope, for as some of the M. G. R.'s have guitars, maybe they have some pretty pieces of which they could send me the names and also the composers.

Have any of the M. G. R. readers the piece called The Coming of the Storm, for the guitar? If you have would you kindly send me the composer's name with your nom de plume, real name and address, so I could thank you and return the compliment?

"Telegrapher," I would like to hear from you or from any other guitar players, concerning the guitar and the pieces which they have. Can you tune the guitar up as high as the violin and piano? I cannot, for as soon as I get it nearly as high the strings are sure to break.—Brown-Eyed Innocent.

My address is Miss Grace A. Foster, Valparaiso, Indiana, R. F. D. No. 5. Box 65.

Indiana Wabash:—This for you: "Please send me the name and address of Indiana Wabash in her new home in Washington. I wish to correspond with her concerning the country. Mrs. S. A. Batchelor, Kilburn, Ark." I thought you could follow your own inclination about writing.

Here comes another girl from the mountain state to knock for admittance. I have been a reader for a long time and enjoy the letters very much. It is like getting letters from old friends. I have lived on a farm all of my life and do not think I would exchange my place with any of the city girls and stay there all of the time.

I wonder how many of the M. G. R. girls help father and mother both. I do, and am proud that I know how to help my father. It is raining today and everything looks so beautiful that I can hardly stay in the house. From where I am sitting I can see the highest place of what is called the Buckhannon mountain, but it is only a hill. It is about three-quarters of a mile from here to where the road crosses it, but it is about three miles around the road there. Adieu for this time.—Bertha.

Having been a reader of your column for many years I come today to ask admittance. I enjoy reading the letters very much, and think this a jolly circle. I will endeavor to live up to the motto and if I am admitted will write soon, and give a description of my home.

I think Miss Prudence has given us some fine questions to answer. Here are my views: First, truthfulness; second, modesty; third, courage; fourth, well I am like Geneva, I also have too many faults to mention, although my quick temper is the worst.

This letter is pretty long for a beginner, but if I am admitted and welcome, I will soon write again.—Dorothy Maude, of Nebraska.

This is such a helpful circle that I wish to become one of its members. My home is in beautiful Iowa, not far from the Missouri line. I wonder in what part of the state "Gwendolen from Iowa," lives. Do any of the M. G. R's. live in South Dakota? My sister has taken a claim near Pierre, and we are going there next January. We shall probably get lonely, but we shall take The Blade, and the interesting letters written by the M. G. R's. will help to keep us company. My father has taken The Blade ever since I can remember and I should miss it ever so much. I will come again after I am settled in Dakota and tell you all about our claim, and how I like to live on the plains in the west.—Thelma from Iowa.

Do not fail to write to us a discription of "life on the plains."

REMARKS BY MISS PRUDENCE.

Letters recently received are from Cathalene, Lottie, R. M. Pryor and Olive Saurens.

Katherine Miller:—Thank you for "the bird's eye view of Mechanicsburg." It looks good to me.

In a recent mail, three postal cards with postage, placed in an envelope, were received, mailed at Shorts Creek, Va. There was nothing to indicate what was to be done with them, therefore, they are awaiting further information.

I arise to remark that the solid silver M. G. R. badges are still for sale at the same old stand, though they will not be for long, as the supply is nearly exhausted. While they last, fifteen cents, in either coin or stamps, pays for one of the Silver Signs.

Mrs. W. W. S.:—Your letter is received with fifteen cents enclosed for a badge, but you forgot to give your name and address. Kindly give instructions where the badge is to be sent, and it will be forwarded at once. Meantime, thank you for your order.

A DAISY'S SAD FATE

BY MARGARET SEABROOK

A wild rose was growing by the roadside, and just over the fence in a large field grew a daisy.

The field was almost covered with daisies, and this particular one that I am about to tell you of grew nearer the rose than the others.

The daisy envied the rose on account of her beauty, and wished that she, instead, were by the roadside that the passersby might admire her, as she saw they admired the rose.

They had never been friends, and one bright morning as the sun was just casting his cheering beams upon the earth, the daisy, longing for a chat, peered through the fence at the rose, who was peacefully sleeping, and said in a soft, clear voice: "Wake up! I want to chat with you a while."

At this the rose began to yawn, then she stretched her petals out full length and cast a shy glance back through the fence from whence the sound had come, and to her surprise, it was the daisy's smiling face.

With a smiling face the rose returned "Good morning."

One could not wish for a more beautiful sight on that sunny July morning, for the dewdrops, which had fallen the previous night, were still unabsorbed, and as the sun shone on them they sparkled like diamonds.

"Perhaps you would not care to chat with just a common daisy."

"I would be delighted," was the rose's reply.

"'Twas only yesterday I heard the farmer say that he would mow us all down before long; so you see that my days upon this earth are very few."

"Oh, dear, what will you do?"

"It does not worry me at all. I have just been thinking that the sooner he comes to mow his tares the better for him." Then the daisy laughed as unconcernedly as it would only be possible for one not interested.

"Oh, dear, daisy, how can you take it so calmly? I am sure if it were me I should die before that time; but that's just the way with roses, I guess. They are so tenderhearted. I wish I were some other flower."

"Then you are discontented? I am sure if I were as beautiful and fragrant I would not care to be any other flower."

The daisy insulted the rose, it was plain to be seen, and she need not try to smooth it over by pouring flattering words into her ears; no it would not do.

"Tell me, plain daisy," she began in tones that plainly told of anger, "who wanders over this earth more than you? You associate with every kind of flower that grows; learn their eveil ways, and that is why you become, as you say, 'tares' among the golden grain. A bad reputation for any flower. We roses are very timid, and would not associate with any flower except it be the purest kind, and that is why we are so beautiful and fragrant."

The daisy spoke up hastily: "Your saucy tongue gives you away, and you have said enough to make a thousand daisies angry. If need be I shall summon them to my assistance. You are a vain and silly rose."

The wind rose suddenly and assisted the daisy in emphasizing her remarks and her saucy little head kept bobbing back and forth in earnestness.

She went on: "We would soon see what would become of your little band—just a heap of briars, that's all. Ah! no, fair rose, your army is too small!"

"Silence is golden," thought the rose at this moment, and how truly wise she was, for, glancing around, she could readily see that what the daisy had just said was true, for hers was the only rosebush standing near, and, oh! what an army of daisies!

With a truly penitent heart the rose promised herself to guard against saying any more unkind things about the daisy.

She was not ready for war, and then she did not wish the golden links of friendship that had been joined today for the first time, to be broken, and was already making apologies for every unkind word that she had uttered. She ended by saying: "This has been an unlucky day for us both. I did not think that our friendly chat would have ended this way. I am willing that we try again tomorrow."

Tomorrow never comes, as we shall see.

"No, no, no. That will never do. You are forever my bitter enemy, and I am yours."

Just as the daisy had finished speaking a gust of wind came and off went the petals of the fair rose. They flew over the fence and fell at the feet of the daisy, who now thought of the harsh words she had spoken. She could not recall them.

With eyes full of tears she glanced down to where the rose was lying lifeless.

"Those cruel words! Those cruel words! Oh, could I but recall them!"

She wept until she could weep no longer, and at last she, too, fell to the earth, whence she had sprung.

The wind had ceased now and all was still.

When the farmer came to mow down the daisies there was one less to mow. That one had died of a broken heart.

THE POETS' CORNER

Old Ironsides.

Ah, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,
And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky;
Beneath it rung the battle shout,
And burst the cannon's roar;
The meteor of the ocean air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And wave were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee;—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea.

Oh, better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunder shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to the mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale!

Old Ironsides was the affectionate name applied to the U. S. frigate Constitution, a ship greatly distinguished for its service in the war of 1812. In 1830, it was proposed, since she was no longer of service, to break her up and sell her timbers. Dr. Holmes, then a young man just from college, gave expression to the popular feeling of the time in the poem, Old Ironsides, which produced so general an opposition to the order, that the old ship was saved.

"James Bird."

Sons of pleasure, listen to me,
And ye daughters, too, give ear,
You a sad and mournful story,
As was ever told shall hear.

Hull, you know, his troops surrendered,
And defenseless left the west.
Then our forces quick assembled,
This invader to resist.

Among the troops that marched to Erie,
Were the Kingston Volunteers;
Captain Thomas then commanded
To protect our west frontiers.

Tender was the scene of parting—
Mothers wrung their hands and cried,
Maidens wept their love in secret,
Fathers strove their tears to hide.

But, there was one among that number,
Tall and graceful in his mien,
Firm his steps, his looks undaunted—
Ne'er a nobler youth was seen.

One sweet kiss he snatched from Mary,
Begged his mother's prayers once more,
Pressed his father's hand, and left them,
For Lake Erie's distant shore.

Mary strove to say, "Farewell, James!"
Waved her hand, but nothing spoke;
"Good-by, Bird! May heaven protect you,"
From the rest the parting broke.

Soon they came where noble Perry
Had assembled all his fleet;
There the gallant Bird enlisted,
Hoping soon the foe to meet.

Where is Bird? the battle rages;
Is he in the strife or no?
Now the cannons roar tremendous,
Dare he meet the furious foe?

Ah! behold him! See! with Perry
In the self-same ship he fights;
Though his messmates fall around him,
Nothing can his soul affright.

But behold! a ball hath struck him!
See the crimson current flow!
"Leave the deck," exclaimed brave Perry,
"No!" cried Bird, "I will not go!"

"Here on deck I've took my station,
Ne'er will Bird his colors fly,
I'll stand by the gallant Captain
Till we conquer or we die!"

So he fought, both faint and bleeding,
Till our stars and stripes arose,
Victory having crowned our efforts,
All triumphant o'er our foes.

And did Bird receive a pension?
Was he to his friends restored?
No; nor even to his bosom
Clasped the maid whom he adored.

But there came most dismal tidings
From Lake Erie's distant shore;
Better if poor Bird had perished
Amid the battle's awful roar.

"Dearest parents," said the letter,
"This will bring sad news to you;
Do not mourn your first beloved,
Though this brings his last adieu.

I must suffer for deserting
From the brig Niagara;
Read this letter, brother, sister,
'Tis the last you will hear from me!"

Sad and gloomy was the morning
Bird was ordered out to die;
Where is the breast dares not to pity,
Or for him would heave one sigh?

Oh! he fought so brave at Erie,
Nobly bled and nobly dared,
Let his courage plead for mercy—
Let his precious life be spared!

See him march; hear his fetters,
Harsh they clash upon the ear,
But his step is firm and manly,
For his breast ne'er harbored fear.

See, he kneels upon his coffin!
Sure his death can do no good;
Spare him! Hark! O, God, they have
shot him,
See his bosom streams with blood!

Farewell, Bird, farewell forever!
Friends and home you'll see no more;
But his mangled corpse lies buried
On Lake Erie's distant shore.

Bird left one vesel for another and was
punished for desertion.
The President sent a pardon which
failed to reach its destination in time to
stay the execution.

All for a Woman's Sake.

Only some withered blossoms,
Crumbling to dry decay,
Only a glove half torn in two,
And idly thrown away.
Only a heart that's breaking,
That is, if hearts could break;
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

Only a few such tokens,
Prized by a love-sick fool,
Naught but ashes that strew the ground
When love's hot flame grows cool;
Not the first man by thousands,
The dupe of a heartless flirt,
Not the first time that priceless love
Was treated like common dirt.

Only in jest: You know it
Now, though it's rather late;
Rather too late to turn your life
And seek another fate.
You're not a man like thousands,
With a heart that will veer and twirl,
And feel the glow at a word and glance
Of every flirting girl.

Finished forever and done,
Wrecked by a treacherous smile,
Following madly a will-o'-the-wisp,
Happy, if but for awhile;
Only a heart that's broken—
That is, if hearts can break;
Only a man adrift for life,
All for a woman's sake.

Twenty Years Ago.

Those bonny glades of Girvan woods, full
twenty years ago,
When stars came out and looked at us
who wandered to and fro.
There oft we lingered, hand in hand, and
what kind words were said,
With tender light shed over us, through
branches overhead.

Chorus.

Ah! oft I dream of Girvan woods, the
woods we loved so well,
And those dear alleys,
Where the shade of white-bol'd beech
trees fell.

We walked together, thou and I, we
parted, ah! too soon,
But ere we left our lips had met, beneath
the summer moon.
Yes, oft I dream of Girvan woods, but
oftener of thee,
For Girvan woods are all laid low, but
thou still lovest me.

The best known "Twenty Years Ago"
was published in these columns some
weeks ago, but we are glad to have this
one.

The Grumbler's Woes.

I'm not much of a grumbler 'bout
nature's plans and ways,
But we hear queer prophesies often
times as to our future days;
One man will heave a doleful sigh
and shake his head forlorn,
As he says, "the wheat's a failure, not
half a crop of corn.
Potatoes have the same old blight, the
fruit crop gone to rot—"
And 'twould seem that all God's
creatures by Him are clean forgot.
Then, he says, he "sees a famine," to
him "all things look queer,"
And thus ends up his miseries, "'tis the
most disastrous year."
And then he gives another sigh as he
clasps his hands to pray,
That the Lord will pour down blessings to last throughout the day.

Where is the use of fretting? I have
not any doubt
That our good Lord above us knows
just what He's about.
We hear the same old doleful cry; it
rings from year to year;
If we have faith in Providence I'm
sure we need not fear.
Somehow there always is enough for
this great world's demand,
And things keep moving on the same,
and life seems just as grand.
Why will we always look for clouds
instead of God's bright sun,
And imagine 'twould be better if we
this world could run?

NEW QUOTATION.

Whence comes the well known saying
"Thou lost to sight, to memory dear."

POEMS WANTED.

Who knows the poem entitled, While
I Am Waiting for the Freight.

The Old Arm Chair is inquired for.
Some of its lines are these:
I love it, I love it, and who shall dare
To chide me for loving the old arm
chair.

"Pansy" would like to see the words
to the song, Arrah Wanna.

Marching Through Georgia is wanted.

Will someone send the words of the
humorous poem entitled, The Devil and
the Lawyer, commencing as follows.
The devil came up to the earth one day
And straightway to a court house
he wended his way.
Just as a lawyer with serious face,
Was about to present the points in his
case.

Who knows the plaintive ditty:

In Jersey City where I did dwell,
Lived a butcher's boy I loved so well
He courted me my life away,
And now with me he will not stay.

We are requested to ask for a song
of which this line is a clue: "With the
Name of Mary Tattooed on the Arm."

A LITTLE CHAT.

Requests for poems are coming in so
rapidly that it is impossible to avoid
delay in printing them. Many have been
waiting for weeks, but as fast as our
space will allow, they will be published.
If the waiting ones will kindly have pa-
tience and believe in our good intentions
we shall be much obliged.

J. E. T.:—At present spring poetry
is somewhat out of season, but if you
have no objections to our keeping your
verses until they are timely we shall
be glad to give them space. We like
a little humor.

In response to recent inquiries we
have received the poems: When You
and I Were Young; The Inebriate's
Lament; A Little Girl to the River;
Just As the Sun Went Down; The
Orphans; John Anderson, My Jo; The
Banks and Braes of Bonnie Doon; The
Beautiful Snow; At the Feast of
Belshazzar; Captain, My Captain; Two
Little Girls in Blue; When Malindy
Sings, and Eric's Funeral.

We have the poems: All Is Quiet
Along the Potomac; Sheridan's Ride;
Washington's Natal Day, and Sheridan's March to the Sea, and will publish them soon for the benefit of those by whom they were requested.

The first copy received of James
Bird was from J. Y. Powell, who
writes that James Bird's sad story
was a true one, and says "He went to
school to my father. I am 73 years
old."

Consumption

Free Trial Treatment

To every reader of this paper who has Weak Lungs, Catarrh of the Bronchial Tubes or Catarrh in Any Form, Chronic Bronchitis, Asthma, Chronic Hacking Cough, Loss of Flesh, Night Sweats, Hemorrhages, Soreness or Pain in the Chest or Under the Shoulder Blades, or any other Deadly Symptom of Consumption—I want to send you my Free Treatment.

I CURED MYSELF.

I want you to know how my OZONOL LUNG DEVELOPER together with my RATIONAL SYSTEM OF TREATMENT heals diseased lungs. Instantly checks the breaking-down process and develops the cell tissues just as you develop muscles; creates resisting power, appetite, flesh, health. I will send you a Free Treatment with my book of colors on Diseases of the Nose, Throat and Lungs, and tell you how I cured myself. Write me today and I will send you all this free by return mail. Don't hesitate. Don't delay. Send no money—only your name. It's all free—free for the asking. DR. J. LAWRENCE HILL, 13 HILL BUILDING, JACKSON, MICH.

DETAILS OF DEDICATION

Bodies of McKinley Family to Be Moved Privately.

Final Meeting of the Memorial Trustees Being Held at Canton Today.

Canton, O., Sept. 17.—The transfer of the bodies of President and Mrs. McKinley from the caskets in which they now repose in the vault in West Lawn cemetery to their final resting place in the monument to be dedicated Sept. 30, will be made during the present week. The bodies will be transferred to the sarcophagi as soon as they arrive. The bodies of the two children of the late President and Mrs. McKinley, which were buried in West Lawn cemetery, will also be transferred at the same time, into the niches in the monument which have been provided for that purpose. The work of transferring the bodies will be strictly private. The exact time, is, therefore, kept from the public.

The McKinley memorial trustees met today in final session before the dedication. Secretary Cortelyou is a guest of Justice Day. Vice President Fairbanks, former Governor Herrick, Charles G. Dawes and others are present.

The Twenty-third United States infantry, Colonel Philip Reade commanding, has been ordered by the war department from the Jamestown Exposition to Canton to participate in the dedication exercises of the McKinley monument. Accompanying this regiment will be a squadron of the Twelfth United States cavalry and a detachment of artillery. There also will be battalions from Fort Wayne, Detroit, and Fort Thomas, Cincinnati. This makes the total assignment of United States regulars for the day 2,000 men.

Senator Charles Dick, grand marshal, says the military organizations in line will include the Eighth and Fifth regiments, the engineer corps, hospital corps and McKinley escort troop.

The parade, which will cover two miles, will start at 11 o'clock. The line of march will pass the McKinley home, the late President's church, the reviewing stand and then proceed to the mausoleum.

Requests have been made for places in the line by military, fraternal, and other organizations all over the country. So many of these requests have come in that the management has decided to limit the participants in the big parade to military and uniformed fraternal organizations with the additions of such particular organizations as took part in the McKinley funeral parade.

FEAR EXPLORERS LOST

Nothing Heard From William Bruce Expedition.

Believed Members Perished in Their Attempt to Cross St. Charles Bay.

Berlin, Sept. 17.—A telegram from Advent Bay states that nothing has been heard from the William Bruce expedition, which left the base of supply almost one month ago, with the intention of returning on August 28. Mr. Bruce, with whom were Captain Borgueson and Captain Johnson, took provisions for two weeks only, and it is feared that the three have perished in attempts to cross St. Charles Bay.

LIABLE FOR FULL AMOUNT

Surety Companies Must Pay Up, Holds Judge Sanborn.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—G. E. Sanborn, in the United States circuit court yesterday, decided that surety companies that sign bonds for postal employes who take money from the mails, are responsible for amount stolen. The decision was given in the case of the United States against the American surety company, the latter having signed bonds for a postoffice employe who stole $40. The company contended that it was liable only for $25, the amount the government is compelled to make up, in case a postal clerk steals money from letters. The government claimed that the company was liable for the full amount stolen by the clerk and this contention was upheld by Judge Sanborn.

RAID A CHINESE LOTTERY

Postoffice Inspectors Arrest 27 Chinese.

St. Louis, Sept. 17.—United States postoffice inspectors searched four Chinese places in an investigation to disclose the existence of an alleged lottery in St. Louis, with correspondence in every part of the world. Twenty-seven Chinese were caught and four of them are held under $500 bond each, charged with using the mails to further a lottery scheme. Letters from Mexico, Cuba, China, Canada and South America were confiscated. Gambling and lottery paraphernalia of every description was taken.

ROOT TO BE A MEMBER.

Mexico City, Sept. 17.—The Academy of Legislation and Jurisprudence, a branch of the great Madrid Scientific association, has called a special convocation of the members in Mexico to be held September 12. At this convocation the name of Secretary of State Root will be proposed for honorary membership.

TWENTY-FIVE LIVES LOST

Terrible Wreck Being Investigated by Authorities.

Passengers in Death Coach Were Singing When Crash Came—27 Injured.

Canaan, N. H., Sept. 16.—An investigation of the terrible disaster of yesterday, by which 25 persons lost their lives and a greater number received injuries by a collision of a freight and an express train on the Concord division of the Boston & Maine railroad, near Canaan, was begun here today, under the direction of M. D. Cobleigh, of Lebanon, the county solicitor.

According to a statement issued by the railroad officials a blunder in handling train orders was the cause, but the identity of the employe responsible for the error remains to be determined.

Twelve of the 27 persons who were taken to the Mary Hitchcock hospital at Hanover had recovered sufficiently to leave that institution today and but fifteen persons still remained at the hospital. None of the persons still at the hospital is in a dangerous condition, the injuries, in the main, consisting of slight concussions, bruises and sprains.

Nearly all of those who were in the death train were returning from a fair at Sherbrooke, Quebec, 160 miles north.

Train Numbers Confused.

The conductor of the freight train was given to understand that he had plenty of time to reach a siding, by the night operator at Canaan station, receiving, according to the superintendent of the division, a copy of a telegraph order from the train dispatcher at Concord, which confused the trains numbers 30 and 34.

The wreck occurred just after the express had rounded into a straight stretch of track, but owing to the mist neither engineer saw the other's engine until it was too late.

According to the division superintendent, W. R. Day, the night train dispatcher at Concorn; J. R. Crowley, sent a dispatch to John Greely, the night operator at Canaan, that No. 34 was one hour and ten minutes late. The order which Conductor Lawrence, of the freight train, showed after the accident, distinctly states that No. 30, instead of No. 34, was an hour and ten minutes late. Conductor Lawrence, believing that he had sufficient time in the hour and ten minutes to reach the side track at West Canaan, four miles beyond, before No. 30 reached it, ordered his train ahead. The superintendent declared that the accident was due to the mistake of placing a cipher after the three in the number of the train instead of a four.

Passengers Were Singing.

The long freight train, with a score of heavily loaded cars, lumbered up the long grade toward West Canaan at the usual speed. On the other side of the curve was the Quebec express, sliding down the single track with her load of passengers and the four heavy sleepers in the rear. The freight train was on a straight piece of track, about a mile in length, and the Quebec express had rounded a curve into this stretch when the two engineers saw the headlights of the opposite train burst out of the fog. Both engineers set their brakes and then jumped while the two great locomotives crashed into each other.

The ill-fated passenger coach was crowded with more than fifty people. Shortly before the accident a few of the men had gone back into the smoking car, in the rear, leaving the women to get a little sleep in the straight seats. One of those who escaped said that as the train was rounding a curve someone in the front of the car began to sing so that nearly everyone was awake when the crash came.

Engineer Is Killed.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 16.—Two passenger trains met almost head-on at the Allington siding, in Orange, on the Berkshire division of the New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad yesterday, and Engineer W. H. Johnson, of the south bound train, was killed and two other engineers and two firemen were hurt, none seriously, however.

One Killed, Three Injured.

Johnstown, Pa., Sept. 16.—One man was killed and three other trainmen injured in a wreck on the West Pennsylvania extension of the Pennsylvania road yesterday. Flagman Charles Russell was caught in the wreckage and instantly killed.

MAN WHO HAS SERVED 13 YEARS IS INNOCENT.

San Francisco, Sept. 17.—After having served thirteen years in San Quentin penitentiary, it developed yesterday that William Evans, one of the convicts, is an innocent man. Proof positive that he did not commit the crime for which he was sentenced is now in the hands of the authorities.

The judge who passed the sentence declares Evans is innocent; the man who prosecuted him made deathbed statements that he was innocent, and in a short time Evans will be allowed to leave the penitentiary.

Evans was convicted in Amador county of burglary and sentenced to life imprisonment.

LIVE IN AN AUTOMOBILE

Chicagoan Has "All Comforts of Home" on Trip.

Philadelphia, Sept. 11.—G. M. Huston, of Chicago, with his wife and son, virtually lives in an automobile. He came in his machine from New York, after completing a trip through the Atlantic coast states from Jacksonville, Fla., and left Philadelphia yesterday for a continuous trip across the continent to San Francisco.

Last year Mr. Huston traveled 46,310 miles in one car, visiting thirty-six states and portions of 600 pounds of paraphernalia, including a complete camping outfit, hammocks, a large tent, cooking utensils, bedding, guns and ammunition, fishing tackle, etc.

DEMAND IMMEDIATE TRIAL

Thaw's New Counsel and State Will Clash on Date.

New York, Sept. 17.—When the criminal branch of the supreme court opens next month and the case of Harry Thaw is called, Martin Littleton, senior counsel for the defense, will demand immediate trial for the accused Pittsburger.

District Attorney Jerome, it is understood, will oppose an immediate hearing of the case, and on the question of the date of trial will come the first skirmish of Thaw's new defender with the representative of the state.

It is believed that in the end both sides will agree on a date in December for the trial.

MAXIM GORKY MARRIED

New York, Sept. 17.—That Maxim Gorky and Madame Andrieva, the woman who accompanied him on his trip to America, now are married, is the news brought from Europe by Harold MacGrath, the author. Dr. MacGrath and his wife spent the summer on the island of Capri, near where Gorky now lives, and he declares positively that the marriage has taken place.

SHORTAGE OF PASTORS

Occasioned by Insufficient Pay, Says Minister.

Finding More Money in Insuring Lives Than Saving Souls, Many Have Quit.

Pittsburg, Sept. 16.—Declaring there is more money in insuring lives than in saving souls, ministers of Pittsburg are forsaking the pulpit to engage in the life insurance business. Within the last two years scores of Pittsburg clergymen have given up their charges for this work, and all are making more money, they say, than had they remained with the church.

The latest Pittsburg preacher to lay aside the cloth for the life insurance business is Rev. J. C. Carpenter, pastor of the Washington Methodist Episcopal church. He told his congregation yesterday he had resigned and that his resignation had been accepted. He said:

"I do not quit from choice, but from necessity. It is not altogether a matter of money consideration, but in consideration of the high cost of living. If ever the opportunity offers I will re-enter the ministry, but at present there is not a living in it. The shortage of ministers today is occasioned solely by the insufficient pay."

RAISE FUND OF $100,000

Philadelphia Baptists Make Good Showing for a Year.

Money Will Be Used During Celebration of 100th Anniversary of Association.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 16.—A fund of $100,000 for church extension and missionary work has been raised within the past year by the Baptists of Philadelphia to commemorate the two hundredth anniversary of the formation of the Philadelphia Baptist association. So liberal has been the response that it is expected that the contributions will greatly exceed $100,000. The money will be turned over to the various church enterprises during the anniversary celebration which will begin October 1 and continue a week.

PRIEST RISKS LIFE TO CLOSE SALOONS.

St. Marys, Mo., Sept. 12.—At the risk of his life, the Rev. Father Michael D. Collins has compelled the five saloons and five dance halls of St. Marys, a French settlement of nearly two centuries and always "lidless," to close their doors at midnight and keep them closed until midnight Sunday.

The courageous priest has been shot at from ambush, has been threatened with tar and feathers, and has been boycotted by members of his congregation until his salary is today $700 in arrears.

Father Collins comes of a fighting race.

Once when he went into a saloon to talk to the owner about closing his place on Sunday, the saloonkeeper said: "If you were not a priest I'd beat your head off."

The priest flung his coat into a corner, rolled up his sleeves, squared himself for a fight and challenged the man behind the bar.

"Just forget for a moment that I am a priest," he cried, "and come out here. A good thrashing will do you good."

The saloonkeeper did not go.

MORGAN PAVES STREET

Pays for Work That the City Refused to Do.

New York, Sept. 11.—Having failed to induce the city officials to repave the block opposite his home, J. Pierpont Morgan has determined to pay for the work out of his private purse. Mr. Morgan's check for $1,200, which is the sum the city paving experts have figured it will cost to repave the block, was received yesterday by Public Works Commissioner Thompson.

Mr. Morgan's offer was so novel that Commissioner Thompson and other officials were at first in doubt whether they could accept it. No precedents were on record. Commissioner Thompson put the matter up to the controller's office. Deputy Controller McCooey said he saw no reason why it could not be done and the members of the legal staff of the controller's office were set to work to figure out the process by which the money should be received and paid over to the contractor.

It is said that the plan which will probably be adopted is to allow Mr. Morgan to turn his check over directly to the contractor who does the work, and the city will not figure in the transaction.

VON STERNBERG TO REMAIN

Kaiser Has Full Confidence in Ambassador at Washington.

Berlin, Sept. 16.—The German foreign office, taking cognizance of the renewal of the reports that the German ambassador at Washington, Baron Speck Von Sternberg, is shortly to retire, today authorized the statement that Emperor William and Chancellor Von Buelow have the fullest confidence in the ambassador and desire him to remain at Washington so long as he desires to do so, and that no change in the ambassadorship has been considered.

TUMBLED 200 FEET; IS SLIGHTLY BRUISED.

New York, Sept. 16.—John Schmidt, of Brooklyn, tumbled 200 feet down the Palisades at Brooklyn and has only bruises to show for his adventure.

Having failed to find friends, he attempted to climb down the palisades where the hill slopes off gradually. Losing his footing, he rolled down the hill and struck the highway, which at that point is about midway between the bottom and top of the cliff. Physicians at St. Mary's hospital, in Weehawken, pronounce his injuries superficial.

CHINA TURNS TO THE U. S.

America Only Nation Expected to Take Chinese Side.

London, Sept. 16.—The Chinese are again turning toward America as their only friend among the nations, who can be expected to take their side against the threatened territorial aggressions of Japan and European powers, according to statements contained in letters, received here from an exceptionaaly well-informed American who has been traveling in Manchuria and China. President Roosevelt's proposal to remit part of the indemnity appears to have effaced the resentment caused by the exclusion policy.

LUSITANIA'S FAST TRIP

Failed to Break Transatlantic Record, However.

Giant Vessel Given Rousing Reception by New Yorkers —Germans Hold Record.

New York, Sept. 13.—A new steamship record between a European port and New York was made by the Cunard line's new giant turbine ship, the Lusitania, which arrived here today.

The Lusitania left Queenstown, the nearest trans-Atlantic port to New York, at 12:10 p. m. Sunday, and arrived off the Sandy Hook lightship at 8:05 a. m. today, making the time for the trip 5 days and 54 minutes. This is 6 hours and 29 minutes better than the previous Queenstown-New York record of 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes held by the Lucania, of the same line.

While the Lusitania has made a new record for the time a passenger is actually on board ship, she has not beaten the average speed per hour record, both the Kaiser Wilhelm II, which has made 23-58 knots per hour from New York to Plymouth, and the Deutschland, with a record of 23.51 knots per hour to Plymouth, having made better time. The Lusitania's speed per hour on her maiden voyage is estimated at 23.01 knots per hour.

The new ship was decked with flags and bunting when she made her appearance off Sandy Hook this morning, her four big red funnels lending color to the picture.

She steamed slowly up the bay for the new Ambrose channel, dug especially for vessels of great craft and which she will be the first to use in entering the port of New York.

Sixty-one years ago the little steamship Europa of the Cunard line, with her old fashioned engines, crossed the Atlantic from Liverpool to New York in 11 days and 3 hours. Her performance was heralded to the four quarters of the earth, for the Europa had broken the record of 14½ days made by the steamer Great Western eight years before in 1838. With the Europa's voyage began the lasting contest for the supremacy of the sea which was led to the building of the fleet Lusitania. The Lucania's record of 5 days, 7 hours and 23 minutes, made from Queenstown to New York in 1894, was not broken until the Lusitania arrived today.

Largest Ever Built.

The Lusitania and her sister ship, the Mauretania, are the largest vessels ever built and represent the latest advancement in steamship construction, size, power and speed. They are equipped with Parsons turbines and are designed to make a sustained speed at sea of twenty-five knots.

The Lusitania was launched June 7, 1906, from the yard of John Brown & Co., Clydebank, Scotland. She is 785 feet over all, 760 feet between perpendiculars, eighty-eight feet breadth, molded, and sixty feet, six inches depth, molded. Her thirty-three feet draft she displaces about 38,000 tons. She has four turbines, turning four distinct screws, the outside turbines being used for steaming ahead only and the inside turbines for turning ahead and astern. The cost of the steamship was $6,500,000, and the entire cost of both this and her sister ship was furnished the Cunard line by the British government.

Another Record Broken.

New York, Sept. 13.—The La Provence apparently has broken the record for the voyage from Havre to New York, held by the same steamship, by probably two hours. Her previous best trip was made in 6 days 3 hours and 24 minutes.

CLOSE 41ST ENCAMPM'T

Bills Will Be Presented to Congress.

Saratoga, N. Y., Sept. 14.—Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic who have been attending the forty-first annual encampment of the organization, concluded their business yesterday and adjourned until 1908.

The encampment adopted the report of the committee on resolutions which recommended legislation by congress authorizing the erection of a soldiers' hospital in the vicinity of the Gulf of Mexico, increasing widows' pensions and $12 a month, providing some suitable memorial for the soldiers and sailors of the Union army who were in the south when the war began and did not join the southern forces, and directing that widows of soldiers buried in the national cemeteries may be buried beside their husbands. These recommendations will be incorporated in bills to be presented to congress.

Commander-in-chief Burton's appointments include the following: Jere T. Dew, Kansas City, Mo., adjutant general; Charles Burrows, Rutherford, N. J., quartermaster general; Col. D. R. Stowell, Buffalo, inspector general; L. W. Collins, Minneapolis, Minn., judge advocate general; J. G. Henry Heacomb, Philadelphia, assistant adjutant general and custodian of records; J. Corey Winans, Toledo, O., senior aide-de-camp and chief of staff. Retiring Commander Brown was made chairman of the committee on pensions.

The council of administration will be: Frank M. Sterrett, St. Louis; Thomas W. Scott, Springfield, Ill.; William Armstrong, Indianapolis; Philip Cheek, Baraboo, Wis.; William J. Patterson, Pittsburg; Samuel J. Law, Penice, Northville, Mich.; Jas. Owens, New York city.

Miss C. Millie Leighton, of Clinton, Mass., was elected president of the Daughters of Veterans today.

Albert N. Jennings, of Highlands, N. Y., died yesterday, the third veteran of the Grand Army to succumb here this week.

CONFERENCE TO CLOSE

Acquitted Preacher Pleads for Broad Thinking.

Cleveland, O., Sept. 16.—Rev. Charles W. Tinsley, of Youngstown, who was tried before the East Ohio Methodist conference last week on the charge of heresy and acquitted, preached in the Euclid Avenue Methodist church yesterday. Dr. Tinsley had a hearty reception by one of the largest congregations that ever attended this church. "There are many new factors in men's thinking nowadays," he said, without making direct reference to his recent trial. "Also I believe in a twentieth century Christ as well as in a first century Christ," he added. "I believe in thinking and letting others think."

The hearing of the charges against Presiding Elder Henthorne, which were filed by Rev. W. B. King, of Urichsville, who also was under charges last week and was acquitted on every count, was resumed today. It is expected that this case will not be concluded before the adjournment of the conference this afternoon.

WITNESS AT PHILIPPINES

Brought to Chicago to Testify in Murder Trial.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Frank J. Constantine was arraigned today in the criminal court on the charge of murdering Mrs. Louise Gentry. It is claimed by the state that Constantine cut the throat of the woman. He was the subject of a strenuous chase which embraced the greater part of the civilized globe.

The length to which the state has gone in working up the case against Constantine was shown today by the presence in court of Dr. David J. Doherty, the only person who saw Mrs. Gentry between the time of receiving her injury and her death. Dr. Doherty is now in the government service, and is stationed in the Philippines. He was brought from there to give his testimony in the trial.

AN OHIO MAN'S AEROPLANE

May Be Sold ot Germany—Negotiations Being Conducted.

Berlin, Sept. 16.—William Wright, of Dayton, O., and his associate is negotiating the sale of the Wright brothers' aeroplane to Germany, has arrived here and been well received by the chiefs of the military balloon division of the army.

WORTH $1,630,168,953

Was the Production of 3,507 Industries in 1906.

Bureau's Report Shows Daily Wages of Textile Workers to Be $1.90.

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 16.—The annual report of John L. Rockey, chief of the bureau of industrial statistics, for 1906, shows that the capital invested in the 3,507 industries reporting to the bureau last year was $932,842,453; that the value of their production was $1,630,168,953, and that the total wages of their 754,986 employes was $403,954,313.

Returns from 668 textile establishments show that they gave employment to 66,377 persons during the year; that their wages amounted to $29,293,863; that the value of the production was $128,058,603, and that the daily wages of the employes was $1.99.

The 165 silk mills in operation in Pennsylvania last year gave employment to 28,963 persons; produced an output valued at $50,456,442, and paid out in wages $8,801,951.

There are in Pennsylvania 22 plants engaged in the manufacture of cement, according to this report. In 1906 these plants gave employment to 10,781 persons, whose earnings aggregated $5,161,569.

WANTS TO BE GOVERNOR

Addicks Will Appeal to People of Delaware.

Baltimore, Sept. 11.—J. Edward Addicks announced here the other day that he intends to re-enter Delaware politics and will be a candidate for governor of that state in the campaign which begins next May.

The former aspirant for the United States senatorship was with his friend, Jack Barrymore, the actor.

"Mr. Addicks, have you given up all hope of getting into the United States senate from Delaware?" was asked.

"No, but I am not talking politics just now, but—"

"It was announced some time ago that you had washed your hands of things political in Delaware. Is that so?"

"No, sir; I have not."

"What are your plans?"

"I have not worked them out in detail yet. I have decided to demonstrate to the people of Delaware and to the people of the whole country that I can control the popular vote of my state. I am going to be governor. I will enter the next campaign and will capture the convention which meets next May to nominate the state ticket."

"Have you an organization?"

"Yes. Nearly all the subleaders of the state are with me, and the minute I pass the word for them to come out openly they will all be found working hard and effectively.

"I have never been before the people of Delaware and have never had any chance to show my real strength. Heretofore my political aspirations have been for an office which was not elective at the hands of all the voters, but of the members of the general assembly.

"For a long time I was held up as the political bugaboo of Delaware, but that is all past. When I entered Delaware politics we had one of the worst-governed states in the Union. Now we have one of the best. This change of conditions is due primarily to the fight I made for the United States senatorship.

"When I went into Delaware politics the Democrats had matters so finely fixed that is was almost impossible for the Republicans ever to get into the harness. Indeed, Thomas F. Bayard remarked that the door had been locked and the key thrown away. Poll taxes had been so regulated that the Republicans had been deprived of their right of franchise."

KILLED TWO ASSAILANTS

After He and Sister Had Been Seriously Wounded.

Pittsburg, Kansas, Sept. 16.—At Crowberg, a new mining camp in the northern part of this county, late last night, two persons were killed and two fatally wounded, the result of a grudge held by the Italian miners of the district against a mine boss. Charles Gardner and his sister, Mrs. George Rexford, were waylaid on a lonely road while returning home, by a number of Italians and shot and fatally wounded. Gardner returned the fire and shot and killed two Italians, names unknown.

The Italians endeavered to carry off their dead, but were compelled finally to desert them to escape. A number of Americans attracted by the shots assisted Gardner and his sister to this city, where they were placed at the Mt. Carmel hospital. No hope is entertained for their recovery.

BOYS RIDE ON CAR ROOF

Have Narrow Escape From Death in Wild Trip.

Joliet, Ill., Sept. 12.—Six boys who attempted to steal a ride on the limited train on the Santa Fe road reached here yesterday after an exciting experience. One of them, Robert Bullock, whose home is in Richmond, Va., sustaind a fracture of the skull, and may not recover. The other boys said their homes are in Cincinnati.

They climbed on the train as it was leaving Chicago and lay down on the roof of the first car. When the train attained full speed after leaving the city limits the boys narrowly escaped being tossed over the edge and managed to cling on only with the greatest difficulty.

All were badly burned by hot cinders from the engine and finally young Bullock, screaming that he could stand it no longer, attempted to rise. The train just then passed over a bridge and Bullock's head came in contact with the superstructure with terrific force. He was dashed to the edge of the car insensible and was saved from falling by another, who seized his clothing.

All appear to have come from good homes.

VIOLENT LOCKJAW CURED

Woman Recovers After Physicians Had Given Up Hope.

New York, Sept. 16.—A case of violent lockjaw has been cured at the Williamsburg (Brooklyn) hospital.

Six weeks ago Mrs. Annett Koesting, of Williamsburg, was apparently in the first stages of lockjaw from a wound from a rusty nail. Her agony was so intense that she was removed to the hospital. A council of physicians agreed that her case was hopeless.

Nevertheless, Dr. Henderson, of the house staff, injected anti-toxin, and has done so every day since. A month passed without apparent results. The treatment began to show signs of success about a week ago. On Friday Mrs. Koesting was allowed to leave her bed and she will soon leave the hospital.

EGG THE AFFINITY EARLE

Pelt Artist With Hen Fruit and Vegetables.

Concludes Monroe Too Warm for Him and Flees to the Home of His Mother.

New York, Sept. 13.—Ferdinand P. Earle, of "affinity" fame, is back in New York, at the home of his mother in the Manhassett apartments, 108th street and Broadway, where he has come for recreation, after having been egged by his neighbors and former friends in Monroe.

When Earle, under his mother's wing went to Monroe Tuesday, he defied his neighbors, who resented his coming among them after having discarded his faithful wife and little son, so that his path can be made clear for marrying Miss Julia Kuttner, the "affinity." He did not keep his nerve long, however, and decided it was so much more restful in New York that he would come here for peace and quiet.

Vigilantes Summoned.

He was rushed to the station, arriving there five minutes before the train was due, to learn that the train was twelve minutes late. Hardly had he alighted when someone cried:

"Here comes the sockless wonder."

And it was, in fact, the bare legs of the artist that gave him away as he alighted at the station. Quick as wildfire spread the news that the "sockless wonder" was escaping. From all sides rushed vigilantes, some summoned from supper, others from fitting white caps. A force was dispatched for the caldron of tar and the feathers. Others rushed to the general store and procured eggs. Fresh ones were in as great demand as stale ones in the enthusiasm of the moment. The station was quickly surrounded by several hundred persons. They yelled to the artist:

"Come out, sockless one."

"Oh, whiskers."

"We are waiting for you, affinity."

He appeared at the station door for a moment and a battery of eggs and vegetables let itself loose against the wall. It frescoed the doorway, but the artist escaped damage. There came the toot of an engine. His face beamed with delight. It was the down train, he thought, and he rushed out. It turned out to be a way freight, and as the sockless one scrambled back to the station door the air was filled with missiles. One egg found a fair mark on the back of his neck.

Displays a Bullet.

When Earle won the quiet of the little room of the station again he carefully removed as much of the egg as possible, saying, as he took a large bullet from his pocket:

"This is what they ought to have."

But he had no weapon. When the train pulled in the crowd closed in on him again and once more eggs and vegetables filled the air. Earle suddenly turned and the crowd circled out from him. His demeanor was so ferocious that none dared come close. Pale-faced, he stood his ground for a second and then sprang aboard the train, followed by the gibes of the villagers.

FAMOUS ART COLLECTOR

Of Rodolphe Kann Is to Be Placed in New York.

Berlin, Sept. 16.—Wilhelm Bode, director general of the Berlin museums, said today, regarding the sale of the Kann collection to Duveen brothers, that it had been the late Rudolph Kann's fear for sometime before his death that his great collection might be broken.

Director Bode with other men distinguished in articles, regrets the greater part of the Kann's works are lost to Europe.

The above appears to confirm the reports, often denied, that the famous Kann collection would eventually become a part of the New York Metropolitan museum of art. The price paid for the collection which consists of paintings, sculptors and art objects of various descriptions, was said to be $5,000,000. At one time it was stated that the purchaser was J. P. Morgan, but this was denied by Duveen brothers.

EUROPE IS ERECTING GIANT SKYSCRAPERS.

New York, Sept. 11.—Elbert H. Gary, of the United States Steel corporation, returned from Europe yesterday in the steamer Kronprinzessin Cecelie. Judge Gary said:

"Prosperity is going to continue as long as we have billions of dollars' worth of crops. But prosperity is not exclusive on this side. All over Germany, France and England prosperity waves are being felt. France is building finer homes and finer offices. All the principal cities of Europe will have structures composed almost exclusively of steel. Even the Italians are building large steel structures. I saw giant buildings going up in Venice. The Germans are quick to adopt and copy our steel ideas."

FRICK TO SUCCEED ROGERS

According to Report on Wall Street—Denials Ignored.

New York, Sept. 14.—Wall street reports that Henry C. Frick is soon to assume active management of the Standard oil interests have been revived by accounts of H. H. Rogers' serious illness. The street pays little attention to denials that Rogers has suffered a serious breakdown.

Traders argue that the oil man is growing old; that he has lived for years under the most intense mental and physical strain; that he has taken so many vacations of late as to indicate plainly that even rest fails to restore his failing health, and that Frick, unquestionably, hastened his recent return from Europe for the purpose of consulting the oil leaders concerning matters believed to be related to Rogers' retirement and Frick's assumption of the former's duties.

Friends of both Rogers and Frick scout the suggestion that any changes in the Standard's management is contemplated.

U. S. BUYS COAL IN WALES

Reported That 100,000 Tons Have Been Purchased.

London, Sept. 16.—The United States navy department has, according to a dispatch from Cardiff, Wales, to a news agency here, contracted with Welsh firms for 100,000 tons of the best steam coal, the delivery to extend over 1908. The price agreed upon has been kept secret.

HINDUS TO BE DEPORTED

Some of Vancouver Foreigners to Be Sent to Homes.

Ottawa, Ont., Sept. 16.—Hon. Frank Oliver, minister of the interior, has received a telegram from A. S. Munro, health officer at Vancouver, stating that of the 900 Hindus who arrived by the Monteagle, there are 25 old and sick men who will be deported. There are none of them destitute. They have about $25,000 in the party. At present they are living in tents, but express the intention of building houses.

DYNAMITE IN GRAIN.

Chippewa Falls, Wis., Sept. 14.—An explosion of dynamite in a bundle of grain injured five men and wrecked a threshing machine on the farm of Peter Parson. Investigation developed the fact that sticks of dynamite had been placed in several bundles of grain. The miscreant has not been found.

SEEK TO RESTORE PEACE

Leaders of Tribesmen Reopen Negotiations With French.

Vigilance of Warships Cannot Prevent Smuggling of Arms —Pretender at Morocco.

Paris, Sept. 14.—Marine Minister Thomson has received a cable message from Vice Admiral Philibert, announcing that the Chaouias and some of the other warring tribesmen in the vicinity of Casablanca had reopened negotiations for peace.

General Drude, the French commander, gave the tribesmen until this afternoon to visit him and accept the conditions which he specified.

Morocco advices say that the recent defeat of the Moors near Casablanca has greatly lowered the fighting spirit of the Arabs, especially in the case of the tribesmen in the region of Choqula. On the other hand, it is declared that the Moors are determined to make an effort to obtain revenge for the heavy losses they sustained.

The Mors continue to sell the Jews who were captured at Casablanca, handing them over to their friends or others upon the payment of small amounts.

The smuggling of arms continues in the vicinity of Cape Startel, in spite of the vigilance of the warships.

Mulai-El-Hafig, it is stated here, remains in Morocco City, and he is said to lack a sufficient number of followers to enable him to march to the coast.

WELLMAN HEARD FROM

Has Either Started or Given Up Trip.

Chicago, Sept. 12.—Walter Wellman by this time either has started on his airship trip to the North Pole or the expedition has been abandoned.

Word has been received from him here in a message which left Spitzbergen eleven days ago that unless favorable winds were encountered in the next few days the trip would have to be abandoned. He said that for a fortnight the party had waited for the wind to blow in the proper direction, but that north winds alone have been encountered, delaying the trip.

The message received from him is as follows:

"Spitzbergen, August 31, via Tromso, Norway, Sept. 10.—The airship America has been waiting a fortnight for an opportunity for a trial trip and a start for the pole. It is ready to depart at any hour. Strong winds have been blowing constantly from the north for three weeks, and it is impossible to take the ship from its anchor without causing its instant destruction.

"This has been the stormiest summer known to Spitzbergen for thirty years. The winds during August have averaged thrice the velocity of the average during August last year. Nearly all are from the north, and a blizzard is now brewing. We shall wait a few more days for favorable weather for starting. After that the sun will be too low to permit a voyage.

"If the America starts the crew will consist of but three men—Wellman, Vnaiman and Riesenberg. Major Hersey will be left because of illness. The airship is in perfect condition. My confidence in the ultimate success of the plan to reach the pole is unshaken."

WELLMAN COMING HOME

Will Not Try to Find Pole This Year.

Trondhjem, Norway, Sept. 13.—Walter Wellman, the head of the Wellman-Chicago Record-Herald expedition, arrived at Tromsoe last evening, on board the Frithjof, from Spitzbergen, on his way home.

He announced that he had definitely abandoned for this year, after a disastrous trial of his airship, the proposed attempt to reach the north pole.

The airship made an ascent September 2 in a strong northwesterly wind, which drove her southeastward over the land. It was found necessary to cut the balloon adrift from the other parts of the airship, but it was recovered after two days' search.

$150,000 FOR SHEFFIELD

Mrs. Oliver Will Erect Memorial at Scientific School.

New Haven, Conn., Sept. 14.—Prof. Russell H. Chittenden, director of the Sheffield scientific school of Yale university, announced today a gift of $150,000 from Mrs. James B. Olivier, of Pittsburg, Pa. This gift from Mrs. Oliver to the board of trustees of the Sheffield scientific school is for the erection of a new recitation or lecture hall as a memorial to her son, Daniel L. Oliver, formerly a student in the Sheffield scientific school, class of 1908, who died last June.

MOOR FORCE IS ROUTED

Allied Army Makes Sudden Move on Taddert.

Casablanca, Wednesday, Sept. 11.—The allied Franco-Spanish army today made a sudden and successful move on Taddert, where the Moors were massed in force. The camp of the latter was destroyed by bombardmment and the enemy was put to flight, leaving many dead on the field. The French lost one man killed and six men wounded.

HOUNDED BY LOAN SHARKS

Chicago Man Committed Murder, Which He Confessed.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—John W. Miller, a railroad clerk, who was arrested on a charge of attempting to kill and rob Edgar M. Crumb, a diamond broker, confessed the crime to the police yesterday.

Desperation caused by the hounding of a horde of loan sharks, was given by Miller as the reason for the crime, for which he may hang.

TALK OF NICK FOR MAYOR

Cincinnati Republicans Would Run Longworth.

Cincinnati, Sept. 16.—Having put Congressman Burton forward in Cleveland in an effort to wrest the office of mayor from Tom Johnson and the city administration from the Democrats, there now is talk among Republicans of placing Congressman Nick Longworth in the field for mayor of Cincinnati, with a view to wresting the municipal government from the Democrats of this city.

While the suggestion was lightly regarded when first advanced, the possible candidacy of Mr. Longworth is now receiving the careful consideration of the party leaders.

ATTEMPTS TO END LIFE

New Orleans, Sept. 14.—Virginia Reed, a negro woman, who, according to Charles E. Letten, defaulting tax clerk, received about $90,000 out of the $100,000 he stole from the state, attempted to commit suicide by jumping into Bayou St. John. She was fished out in time to save her from drowning.

ECZEMA ELEVEN YEARS.

Hands Cracked and Bleeding—Three Doctors and Many Remedies Fail —Soon Cured by Cuticura.

"I had eczema on my hands for about eleven years. The hands cracked open in many places and bled. One of my fingers was so bad that the nail came off. I had often heard of cures by the Cuticura Remedies, but had no confidence in them, as I had tried so many remedies, and they all had failed to cure me. I had seen three doctors, but got no relief. Finally we got a cake of Cuticura Soap, a box of Cuticura Ointment, and two bottles of Cuticura Resolvent Pills. Of course I keep Cuticura Soap all the time for my hands, but the one cake of Cuticura Soap and half a box of Cuticura Ointment cured them. It is surely a blessing for me to have my hands well; and recommend them to all suffering with eczema. Mrs. Eliza A. Wiley, R. F. D. No. 2, Liscomb, Iowa, Oct. 18, 1906."

MARRIED AND DESERTED

Woman Sounds Every Note in Matrimonial Gamut.

Love, Marriage, Widowhood, Divorce, Desertion and Robbery Figure in Story.

Spokane, Wash., Sept. 11.—Ten days of wedded life as the result of an advertisement in a New York newspaper resulted in Mrs. Charles Fleming, formerly of Butte, appearing in the probate court of Shoshone county, Idaho, east of Spokane, with a complaint in which it appears she sounded every note in the matrimonial gamut. Love, marriage, widowhood, divorce, desertion and robbery figure in her life story.

Mrs. Fleming recited her first marriage was when she had passed her sixteenth birthday. It was followed by a divorce three years later, her husband being accused of attacking her with a knife and with cruelty and desertion.

In this case she had changed her maiden name of Mary Stewart for that of Mrs. Eugene Struthers. Then she married Frank Preston, a business man of Butte, and for several years her happiness was all that could be desired

DIRECT FROM THE DISTILLERY

ELEDA

PRIVATE STOCK

WHISKEY

4 FULL QTS. $3.00 EXPRESS PREPAID

Send us $3.00 and we will ship you in a plain case with no marks to show contents, four full quarts of ELEDA PRIVATE STOCK WHISKEY, express prepaid. Try it and if you do not find it all right and the best you ever tasted, send it back to us at our expense and your $3.00 will be promptly refunded. Isn't that a fair offer?

Remember we control the output of one of the largest Distilleries in Pennsylvania, where the finest Rye Whiskey in the world is produced, so that when you buy from us, you save the enormous profits of the dealers, and avoid all chances of adulteration. You are sure to get our whiskey just as it comes from the Distillery without being tampered with in any way.

Orders for Ark., Cal., Colo., Fla., Ida., Mass., Minn., Mont., Nev., New Mexico, N. D., Okla., Ore., R. I., Utah, Wash., Wyo., or La. must call for twenty quarts or more by freight prepaid.

MORRIS FORST & CO., 222 Smithfield St. Pittsburg, Pa.

A Russian 'Celloist's Music Prompts Women to Kiss Him

New York, Sept. 16.—Women used to rave over Paderewski and "go wild" when Josef Hoffman played. They also bowed at Caruso's shrine for a time. Now they have a new idol—Modeste Altschuler, the 'celloist.

The playing of a 'cello by the great Russian musician on shipboard while in midocean, created a sensation among the fair passengers. A number of women threw their arms about the player's neck and kissed him when his rendering of a Hungarian symphony was ended. The admirers of the 'celloist showed great reluctance in bidding him good-by.

The demonstration occurred when Altschuler was practicing in one of the companionways. He had borrowed a 'cello from one of the ship's musicians and taken it to an unfrequented part of the ship. Unconscious of the fact that a number of the women passengers had gathered around him, he played on until at the end of his score he was suddenly grasped by several and soundly kissed.

Altschuler is here to conduct the Russian Symphony orchestra. He is a very small man, measuring only a little more than five feet in his high-heeled shoes, one of the most accomplished musicians now living and has done a great deal for the popularizing of purely Russian music.

On ship board he insisted upon sleeping on deck, wrapped in a blanket.

Physician Finds His "Affinity"

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 16.—Following in the footsteps of Artist Ferdinand P. Earle, Dr. E. Luther Stephens, of Des Moines, well known tuberculosis expert, church worker and philanthropist, has put aside his wife and two children, because, it is said, he has discovered an affinity.

Just who the affinity may be is shrouded in secresy, and Dr. Stephens refuses to discuss her in any way. But in a letter written to his wife, whom he sent visiting in Taylorville, Ill., Dr. Stephens says:

"My heart is elsewhere. I could no longer live with one wife when I love another."

Dr. Stephens was an obscure physician in Decatur, Ill., when Dr. Charles Woods Hutchinson discovered him and advised him to specialize on tuberculosis. Stephens followed his advice and is now president of the Iowa Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis.

Stephens and his wife were married fifteen years ago. The remarkable circumstances surrounding the disruption of the home, apparently one of the most peaceful and happy in Des Moines, have been made public in a letter written by Mrs. Stephens to the members of the Pallingensis club, an organization composed of well-known women.

Grocery Is Cupid's Workshop

New York, Sept. 14.—If the homeliest man on earth will go out to Bayside, L. I., and step into the vacant clerkship in Charles Durland's grocery his luck will change.

That job at Durland's has been a highroad to matrimony ever since Durland opened shop. The first incumbent held it two weeks and then guessed he would quit, as he was going to get married. The next clerk stayed ten days; then he, too, quit for hymeneal reasons. After that nine other clerks Durland hired left as soon as they got their first pay envelopes. All went the matrimonial route.

So Durland made a radical change. He began to hire young women. This is what happened:

Miss Lulu Linden got married at once; Miss Ella Heide quickly followed suit; Miss Sadie Davis gave notice by telephone, and Miss Edna Leek sent her little brother around with a note asking Mr. and Mrs. Durland to take tea with her and Mr. Frank Keenan.

Mr. Durland will pay the homeliest man on earth big wages.

MRS. CHADWICK VERY ILL

Will Not Be Able to Do Any More Work in Prison.

Columbus, O., Sept. 16.—After examining Mrs. Cassie Chadwick this morning, Dr. Garrett, the prison physician, diagnosed the attack which she suffered yesterday evening as a nervous collapse, the ganglia driving the involuntary organs failing. He pronounces her a neurasthenic and says she will probably not be again capable of performing any kind of work.

Mrs. Chadwick's attack left her blind. Her condition is serious and it is the opinion of the prison physicians that she will never live to serve out her ten years' sentence, two years of which she has completed.

ELECT VOLIVA FOR LIFE

The Ecclesiastical Conference Names Him General Overseer.

Chicago, Sept. 16.—Wilbur Glenn Voliva, deposed from the leadership of the Doweites, was formally elected general overseer of the Christian Catholic Apostolic church in Zion for life by the general ecclesiastical conference, held in a tent in Zion City yesterday. Zion City and its interests are in the hands of a receiver and Voliva plans to leave the place to those adhering to Deacon John A. Lewis, appointed successor to Dowie.

The faction in Zion City headed by John Lewis, named by Dowie, will hold a general conference next week.

TO GET MILLION MEMBERS

Modern Woodmen Begin Campaign to Increase Order.

Lincoln, Neb., Sept. 16.—Supreme Counsel A. R. Talbot, of the Modern Woodmen, today issued from headquarters at Rock Island, Ill., a proclamation asking all of the 12,000 camps of his order to hold anniversary celebrations on January 5. He asks each camp to initiate twenty-five members on that date, bringing the total membership to more than a million.

A WEAK MAN

My Dear Brother: If Worry, Dissipation or Hard Work has worn you out; if the Errors or Excesses of youth or early manhood have unstrung your nerves or sapped your energies; if Advancing Age has weakened your powers; or if Varicocele, Weak Organs, Lost Ambition, Nervousness, Failing Virility, or Bladder or Kidney Troubles bother you at any age, I want to tell you on my honor as a man that

Beck's Wonder-Workers for Men

used one tablet at a dose, three times a day, at home, or at your work, will **cure you** easier, quicker and cheaper than any other remedy in the world, and certainly prepare you anew for the duties and pleasures of a full and perfect manhood. My successful career of eight years at the same old stand proves that I am **not** a quack, fraud or fakir. Think of the record!—only 12 complaints (every one of which was made good) in 8 years, during which over 600,000 Weak Men of all ages were made strong, and the largest mail-order medicine business in the world built up. My **Wonder-Workers** do **not** contain poison, and the price is **only one dollar** per box, always cash with order, by ex. at your expense. If you send $1.15 I send it by mail sealed and prepaid. When you order please **mention this paper.** Sincerely your friend,

GEO. S. BECK, 18 Main St., Springfield, Ohio

Hon. Asa S. Bushnell said: "There is no squarer man living than Geo. S. Beck."

Dr. J. A. West says: "I use Wonder-Workers in my practice. It is the best of all, and perfectly safe to use under any circumstances."

Thousands of cured men say, "best on earth."

NURSE WEDS RICH MAN

Love Match Started When She Nursed Him.

New York, Sept. 12.—After three months of daily association, she as nurse and he as patient, Miss Essie Wright, nurse in the General hospital at Elizabeth, N. J., and Alexander Miller, a wealthy iron contractor of this city, have been married.

Miss Wright was introduced to Miller three months ago, when he was carried to the hospital from Rahway. He had climbed to the second story of a building in process of construction, but missing his footing, had fallen, striking his leg as he descended. The leg was not broken, but was so badly bruised that he was sent to the hospital.

ELECTION IN OKLAHOMA

Republicans Hope to Name Governor and Congressmen.

Guthrie, Okla., Sept. 16.—The state campaign in Oklahoma and Indian Territory closed Saturday. The election will be held Tuesday. The Republicans, despite the Democratic majority in the state, are hopeful of electing the governor and are confident of electing two and possibly three of the five candidates for congress. Everything else is conceded to Democrats. The constitution drawn up for the proposed new state will be passed on by the voters.

EIGHTY KILLED IN ALPINES

Toll of Summer Victims the Heaviest Ever Known.

Berne, Sept. 16.—The toll of summer victims of Alpine accidents is the heaviest ever recorded. Eighty persons were killed and 22 injured. Thirty-eight of those killed were guides.

CLEVELAND'S CONDITION.

Princeton, N. J., Sept. 16.—Former President Grover Cleveland took his usual carriage ride yesterday afternoon. He was out nearly two hours and was accompanied by a trained nurse.

Mr. Cleveland, as a rule, denies himself to callers, but has lost none of his interest in affairs and reads the newspapers and attends to his correspondence regularly.

TROOPS FOR DEDICATION.

Canton, O., Sept. 14.—Two battalions of the United States regulars from the Seventh infantry, stationed at Fort Wayne, Mich., and one battalion of troops from Fort Thomas, are coming to Canton for the dedication of the McKinley monument. After the dedication the barracks at the tomb of McKinley, where troops have been on guard since his death, will be abolished.

TO TEST BREAKFAST FOOD

Harrisburg, Pa., Sept. 12.—Dairy and Food Commissioner Foust has sent to Professor Frear, of the state college, one of the leading pure food experts of the country, samples of 75 brands of breakfast and other foods for analysis. These samples were taken as the result of an agitation to know what was in them, which began sometime ago.

Mauretania's Speed Trial.

London, Sept. 16.—The Cunard line steamer Mauretania left her builders' yard at Wallsend today for her first speed trials. She is 790 feet long, compared with the Lusitania's 787. Her gross tonnage is 33,200.

TAFT LEADS IN A POLL

Hughes, of New York, a Favorite for Second Choice.

All Editors in Replies Ask for Continuance of Roosevelt's Policies.

Chicago, Sept. 17.—Taft leads in the great middle states in the Chicago Tribune's second poll of newspaper editors on the question of a Republican candidate for the presidency. Hughes is regarded as the only other candidate who measures up to the Rooseveltian standard, but his popularity is behind that of the secretary. The poll was taken in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia and Delaware.

There is in Pennsylvania, as well as in the neighboring states, a strong undercurrent of feeling for Roosevelt. It is not as pronounced or as unmistakable as that discoverable in the Middle West, but it is there just the same. There is a large proportion of the voters who do not hesitate to say that they condemn some of the more radical features of the President's policies, and quite a number make a distinction between his aims and his methods.

Taft leads in all the states, except Pennsylvania, where Knox is a local favorite, but Hughes runs side by side with Taft, although at the usual distance behind him. It is significant of the conditions that Taft can go into New Jersey, which is a neighboring state to New York, and get more ballots on such vote than Hughes, while even in Pennsylvania Taft has more than half as many votes for first choice as Senator Knox, who has been formally endorsed by the Republicans of the state.

Practically speaking, Pennsylvania is on a par with Ohio, New York, Illinois, and Wisconsin. It has a candidate for the presidency and local state pride has been aroused to a sufficient extent to cause most active Republicans to shout for Knox just as long as he is in the field, although every one knows there is not the remotest chance of his nomination.

Thus it comes about that Senator Knox receives 130 ballots for first choice as compared to 74 for Taft and only 10 for Hughes in Pennsylvania. But the real situation is shown by the fact that in the same state Taft had 84 indications for second choice and 27 for third, while Hughes was mentioned for second choice on 40 ballots and for third choice on 61.

The total figures of the poll show these results:

Do you approve the progressive policy of the President? Yes, 392 no, 51.

Do you prefer a candidate of the progressive or conservative school? Progressive, 347 conservative, 80.

Who is your favorite for the nomination? Taft, first choice, 210, second, 121; Knox, first, 141, second, 38; Hughes, first, 46, second, 117; Fairbanks, first, 20, second, 30; Cannon, first, 14, second, 45.

Elkins, of West Virginia, is mentioned by 3; Landis, of Indiana, by 3; Hanly, of Indiana, by 2; Stokes, of New Jersey, by 2, and Gray, of Indiana, and Griggs, of New Jersey, by one each.

"KILL TWO-THIRDS OF POPULATION," HE SAYS.

San Francisco, Sept. 17.—"If we could have a great drought, killing off two-thirds of the population, and great care was taken to see that the best third mentally, morally and physically, were reserved, what a magnificent race of people we would have!" said President David Starr Jordan at a student body gathering at Stanford university.

After making this astounding statement the head of the institution shifted to a theme in keeping with the gathering.

ENTIBE NAVY MUTINES

Americans on Salvador's One Warship Return to U. S.

San Francisco, Sept. 17.—The officers, cook and the whole crew of the steam schooner President, which sailed from this port two months ago to be the navy of the Salvadorean government, returned yesterday on the City of Para, having abandoned the President at the wharf in Acjutal, Salvador.

As chief engineer, George R. Lindsay walked from the President along the wharf at Acjutal to the City of Para, backed by Martin Christensen and Hary Genner, C. N. Nelson, the cook and the crew, he defied the gun fighters of President Figureroa to touch or interfere with them, waving in sign of his immunity his international certificate as an engineer.

There was trouble aboard the President before she sailed from San Francisco and when Lindsay delivered over the President he was ready to throw up his job. With him in this sentiment was the whole crew.

Then Lindsay says the Salvadoreans tried to get his men drunk, but failed. Lindsay promised to meet the governor at Acjutla, but instead he and his party went on board the City of Para and sailed for home.

THIRTY PERSONS DROWN

Many Women and Children Among the Victims.

Tokio, Sept. 17.—Thirty persons were drowned and one hundred houses burned early this morning at the Kosakabi, near Kotaro. A fire started in the mining works, and while attempts were being made to save the mine the water reservoir was broken, flooding a portion of the village. Many women and children were among the victims.

LODGE GETS MILLIONS

Pennsylvania Masons to Receive Patton's Fortune.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 17.—Under the will of the late Thomas R. Patton, treasurer of the grand lodge of Masons of Pennsylvania, who died recently, his entire estate, valued between $2,000,000 and $3,000,000, is devised to the grand lodge of Pennsylvania for the education and support of male orphans of Master Masons. Peter Boyd, an attorney of this city, is made sole executor of the estate.

AMERICANS ARE REWARDED

Japs Show Appreciation for Services During War.

Tokio, Sept. 17.—The Japanese government has rewarded W. D. Stevens and W. Dennison for their services during the Russo-Japanese war. It was officially announced today that Mr. Stevens had been awarded a grant of $10,000 and Mr. Dennison an annuity of $840.

POSSE IS AFTER INDIAN.

Tucson, Ariz., Sept. 16.—Sheriff Pacheco, of this county, and Harry Wheeler, captain of the Arizona Rangers, left Tucson yesterday at daybreak at the head of a posse of twelve rangers and deputy sheriffs to effect the capture of John Johns, a Papage Indian, who is at Cubo Rancheria, an Indian village 150 miles southeast of Tucson.

Fifteen days ago the Indian killed a Mexican.

TEXAN ERECTING MONUMENT TO JOHN D.

Declares Oil King Is World's Greatest Man and Wants Him to Run for President.

Denton, Texas, Sept. 17.—A monument to John D. Rockefeller is being erected by E. G. Lee two miles south of this town, where two much-traveled roads cross. Of course it is unusual to put up a monument to a man before he has been gathered to his fathers.

"I know that monuments should be post-morten," said Mr. Lee, "but I consider John D. Rockefeller the greatest man in the world.

"I am trying to induce him to come here and live where he won't be hunted and persecuted. I want him to run on the Democratic ticket for President next time; he would be elected. I am spending $15,000 on the statue and pedestal. I expect Mr. Rockefeller and his kin to be here for the unveiling, which may be next November, and if not then, in the early spring. He has assured me that nothing except business can keep him away."

Despite the difficulty of wording epitaphs in past or present, Mr. Lee has quite a large collection from which he expects to make a selection.

In letters of bronze there may be on one face of the pedestal:

"He never cared for money for money's sake."

On another face the following:

"Christopher Columbus discovered the country.
George Washington liberated the country.
Abraham Lincoln united the country.
John D. Rockefeller illumined the country."

And on a third face:

"Millions burn oil; he burned money for the sake of charity and learning."

The statue will stand on the top of a mass of rocks piled 60 feet high; the circumference of the base of the mass is 100 feet.

America's Twenty Richest Men and Their Favorite Amusements

1	John D. Rockefeller....	Billionaire—Golf, violin playing.
2	Andrew Carnegie.....	$309,000,000—Golf, fishing.
3	Wm. K. Vanderbilt.....	100,000,000—Horseracing.
4	John Jacob Astor.....	75,000,000—Travel, yachting.
5	J. P. Morgan.....	75,000,000—Art collecting, collies.
6	D. O. Mills.....	75,000,000—Railroad manipulation.
7	J. J. Hill.....	60,000,000—Philanthropy.
8	George Gould.....	55,000,000—Yachting.
9	H. H. Rogers.....	50,000,000—Yachting, reading.
10	H. M. Flagler.....	48,000,000—Entertaining.
11	Henry Phipps.....	45,000,000—Walking.
12	Jas. D. Archibald.....	40,000,000—High-speed power boats.
13	James B. Haggin.....	40,000,000—Breeding horses.
14	A. G. Vanderbilt.....	36,000,000—Coaching.
15	W. A. Clark.....	35,000,000—Picture collecting.
16	H. O. Havemeyer.....	34,000,000—Boating, fishing.
17	Clarence Mackay.....	32,000,000—Tennis, polo-racing.
18	J. Ogden Armour.....	32,000,000—Yachting, automobiling.
19	E. H. Harriman.....	30,000,000—Fishing, shooting.
20	John W. Gates.....	25,000,000—Horseracing and betting.

"Walking Bomb" Planned Her Own Death to Kill Officers

St. Petersburg, Sept.. 17.—The police today arrested a young girl nicknamed "Wanda," who is accused of participation in a plot to blow up the headquarters of the secret police, situated on the Moika canal, whose torture chambers have aroused bitter feelings on the part of the revolutionists.

The police claim that "Wanda" planned to become a "walking bomb" and enter the headquarters building in the middle of the day, when it is generally full of police, wearing the uniform of a gendarmerie officer, lined with wads of gutcotton, and carrying powerful bombs. "Wanda," the police add, hoped, by blowing herself up, to reduce the entire building to ruins and kill all the officers composing the staff of the political police.

The plot was betrayed, and the police, in addition to taking "Wanda" into custody, arrested a Jewish tailor in whose shop they seized a bomb which was intended for the woman.

Mongrel Dog Saves Man's Life

New York, Sept. 17.—The intelligence of a mongrel dog and the ready aid of a policeman saved Antonio Petrucelli, a young butcher, from bleeding to death, a prisoner in his employer's ice box at 584 Morris avenue, the Bronx. The young man went into the ice box with a big, sharp knife, and in trying to keep the door from closing slipped and fell on the knife.

The sharp blade cut an artery in the right thigh. He gave a loud groan and became unconscious as the door closed, imprisoning him. Dick, the dog, realizing that his friend was in trouble, ran up the avenue barking, and at the corner circled around Policeman Wickman and Detective John O'Brien until he got their attention.

Dick then led the way to the shop, barking and looking back constantly. The dog rushed up to the door of the ice box and howled. When the officers opened the door Petrucelli was near death. The hospital surgeons said he probably could not live through the night.

PEACE AT CASABLANCA

War Minister Agrees to Observe Algeciras Convention.

Outcome of Strgugle Between Rival Moroccan Sultans Does Not Concern Powers.

Paris, Sept. 17.—The French government is greatly encouraged by the improvement in the Moroccan situation and strong hope is entertained that the rebellious tribesmen, whom the delegates who conferred with Drude on Sunday are now consulting, will agree to the peace terms, which include:

1. The punishment of the authors of the Casablanca massacres and the ringleaders of the movement.

2. An agreement that no tribesmen shall enter with arms within a radius of 12 kilometres of the city.

3. The acceptance in principle of the payment of a war contribution, the amount of which will be fixed hereafter by negotiations between the Moroccan government and France and Spain.

4. The surrender of hostages to insure the fulfillment of these conditions. It is pointed out that the war contribution has no relation to the indemnities to be exacted from the Moors for the loss of life and property, which will be a matter for future adjustment.

If peace is arranged on the above terms no further landings of troops will be made and pending the result of the negotiations the orders for the embarkments and forwarding of reinforcements have been rescinded.

The delegates of the Moorish tribes expected to give the final response of the tribesmen Thursday.

Another good feature of the situation is a definite agreement with Mohammed El Gabban, the Moroccan war minister, for the immediate installation of police at Tangier, in accordance with the terms of the Algeciras convention, namely, native police under Franco-Spanish instructors.

The ultimate outcome of the struggle between the rival sultans of Morocco is a matter with which the French government is not concerned, the mandate of France and Spain being limited to the restoration of order and security at the Moroccan ports.

READY TO SIGN PROTOCOL

Provides for Peace Congress Early in November.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Members of the Central American diplomatic corps, who have been holding sessions here to arrange for a permanent peace conference to settle difficulties arising between the various states in Central America, expect to sign a protocol today.

This protocol will provide for a conference to be held in Washington early in November and for the continuation of peace pending a final agreement. The protocol will name the number of delegates to be named by each country.

ELECTRICITY AS REMEDY

Boston, Sept. 17.—The progress being made in the application of electricity to the treatment of human ailments, was the general topic of discussion among the 400 physicians attending the 17th annual meeting of the American Electro-Therapeutic association, began in this city today.

KING OF SIAM'S TREAT.

Berlin, Sept. 17.—The king of Siam intends to give a grand treat to the whole of Homborg on his birthday, Sept. 21. The king will give $6,000 to the poor of the town.

GOING TO THE ISTHMUS.

Washington, Sept. 17.—Colonel Harry F. Hodges, the purchasing officer of the Isthmian Canal commission, left here today for New York, from which city he will sail tomorrow for the isthmus for a conference with Colonel Goethals, the engineer in charge, regarding various official matters.

TURNS TO HARD STONE

Italian Chemist Comes to U. S. to Astonish Our Scientists.

Grosso Is Always Careful to Keep Process a Secret—Has Commercial Value.

New York, Sept. 17.—Agostino Giuseppe Grosso, a chemist of Vercelli, Italy, now stopping at No. 17 St. Luke's place, declares he has found a way to turn organic substances into stone. Grosso arrived here on Saturday on the steamer Re d'Italia and wants to stay long enough to convince the scientific men of this country that his discovery is practical.

The chemist has brought with him several substances upon which he has tried his process, the basis of which is a chemical, the nature of which he holds a profound secret. Grosso discovered it by the merest accident.

Tried It on Eggs.

Fourteen years ago, while he was in Peru, he had occasion to send a case of eggs to Ecuador. He had no way of refrigerating the consignment and began experimenting with preservatives. He bored tiny holes in the eggs and tried injecting various chemicals. None seemed to accomplish the work. In trying one powerful drug he injected a small quantity in several eggs and a few hours later found every one of them as hard as a rock. He tried to break the shells but could not make the slightest dent.

Grosso held the eggs before a strong light and was surprised to find that the yolk and white of each one were as perfect as before petrification. He continued his experiments on beef and vegetables. The result was the same with each trial. No matter how soft the original substance, it was converted into stone.

The chemist went back to Vercelli and, before a gathering of doctors at the Hospital Marriziano, gave a series of demonstrations. The body of a dog was petrified in standing position, and the animal was made to look as natural as life. Beetles, frogs, snakes and other things were put through the process, and, after being petrified retained their life-like appearance.

Chemical Secret.

In each instance the chemist inoculated the specimen with a small quantity of the mysterious drug by means of a hypodermic syringe. Grosso was always careful that the spectators should not see the chemical. Whenever he used it he went behind a screen, then brought the specimen out and allowed the doctors to watch the process of petrifaction as it went on.

Grosso says it takes about three hours. He has among his specimens here a chicken that was petrified, wings and all. This, he says, was done three years ago. The chicken looks about as it would in the barnyard. Its eyes have their original lustre and every detail is perfect.

OHIOANS FILE CHARGES

Important Complaint Made to Commerce Commission.

Over Half Hundred Railroad and Steamship Lines Charged With Discrimination.

Washington, Sept. 17.—An important complaint, involving charges of discrimination against nearly sixty of the leading railroads and steamship lines of the country, was filed with the interstate commerce commission by the Forest City freight bureau, of Cleveland, O.

The complaint includes the Pennsylvania, New York Central, Baltimore & Ohio, Boston & Maine, Southern and other lines.

The complainant states that it is a mercantile association, with membership in other cities, and that the roads charge on wire cord books, packed in cases in less than car lots, first-class rates, which rates, it is charged, are unjust and cause great disadvantage to the bureau in marketing. The complainant asks the commission to fix reasonable and just rates, suggesting in this connection the fourth-class rates.

TWENTY-SEVEN KILLED

Japanese Navy Has Terrible Accident at Target Practice.

Five Officers Are Among the Dead—Officials Begin an Investigation of Disaster.

Tokio, Sept. 17.—Forty-three of the crew were killed and injured on board the Japanese battleship Kashima by an explosion within the shield during target practice near Karure, on September 9. The Kashima, under command of Captain Koizumi, has reached Kaure, where the wounded were placed in the hospital.

The exact details regarding the effect of the explosion are not given, but it is terrific, and the ship is badly damaged.

The explosion followed an attempt to remove an unexploded shell from the gun. A majority of the bystanders were fearfully mutilated.

The casualties reported as the result of the explosion are as follows: Killed, five officers (names not given), and twenty-two men.

Severely wounded, two officers and six men.

Slightly wounded, two officers and six men.

The cause of the explosion is under investigation. It occurred inside of the shield of the starboard after ten-inch gun.

It was not the shell which exploded, but powder, which evidently caught fire from the gas emitted from the breech when opened for the purpose of reloading the gun. The hull of the Kashima is not damaged.

H. H. ROGERS PARALYZED

The Oil Magnate Is in Most Serious Condition.

New York, Sept. 17.—The reports that Henry H. Rogers, of the Standard Oil company, has been stricken with a grave illness and is in a most dangerous situation has received sworn and startling confirmation in Boston.

"His face is distorted; his speech affected; his left side is no longer normal. In three months he has signed but three papers, and one of them was a power of atttorney. He cannot transact any business or even discuss ordinary affairs. He told me to take charge of his entire interests, and when I asked the reason for this he said: 'Because I'm about done.'"

Given Under Oath.

This was the combined testimony of Mr. Rogers' son and his brother-in-law, Urban H. Broughton. It was given under oath before Judge Hammond, of the Massachusetts supreme court when the witnesses came to prove that the oil magnate is not physically or mentally able to appear in person to defend the suit for $50,000,000 that has been brought against him by C. M. Raymond, of Somerville, for alleged conversion of royalties in connection with petroleum production.

And when Justice Hammond had heard the evidence of Mr. Rogers' serious illness from the lips of his own family he declared: "It would be cruel to compel his attendance in court," and dismissed the appeal for an immediate trial.

Just how long Mr. Rogers is likely to live his physicians will not say. But all testimony is proof positive of the statements that he is suffering from paralysis of the entire left side of his body; that he speaks and thinks with the greatest difficulty because of that paralysis, and that he will never take up the "real presidency" of the great oil trust again.

Stricken in July.

It was on July 25 last that the magnate, heat stricken, was rushed to his summer home at Fair Haven in a desperate effort to save his life. At that time, when his friends first became alarmed, it was announced that he had collapsed at his desk and was in a most serious illness. The reports were circumstantially denied, but since that day Mr. Rogers has never been back to his office, at No. 26 Broadway, and has been steadily growing worse. The strain of the recent Standard Oil troubles, added to other attacks, and the litigation which was then pending against the company, had worried him until, as Dr. Pratt testified, "something became wrong with his head."

HEAVY CANADIAN CROPS

Damage to Wheat by Frosts Denied.

Yield of King Cereal Estimated at Ninety-five Million Bushels.

Denying that frosts have damaged wheat in the Canadian Northwest, Col. A. D. Davidson, associated with President William Mackenzie, of the Canadian Northern Railway, says that Alberta, Manitoba and Saskatchewan will raise 95,000,000 bushels of wheat this year. Here is what a special correspondent of the Chicago Post says:

"Ninety-five million bushels of wheat. This is the official estimate of the 1907 crop in Cnada's three great wheat-growing provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Owing to the great flood of immigration which has caused an immense increase of acreage this year, the crop was expected by statisticians to break previous records, but frost reports have been frequent on the Chicago Board of Trade, and caused the price to flutter.

"Now comes the report of Col. A. D. Davidson, an intimate associate of the Canadian Northern railway, not only denying there has been frost, but giving out the estimate of crop.

"His report says: 'I find that the province of Saskatchewan gives promise of raising the best crop in her history. The weather has been very favorable to all growing crops, and, after making an extensive tour through these three provinces, I estimate the wheat crop of 1907 at 95,000,000. The crops of Manitoba have made wonderful progress during the last three or four weeks. By covering much of the territory in a motor car, I had abundant opportunity to view the situation close at hand.'

"This report gives promise of another year of prosperity for 200,000 farmers from Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota and the Dakotas, who are now grain-growers in northwestern Canada. When the Canadian Northern began construction work a few years ago only three settlers were found in one section 160 miles long. Now, according to this estimate, there are 220,000 acres in crop in the same region."

PRICES TO COME DOWN

Warm Weather for Two Weeks Is Wanted.

Providing the warm weather of the last few days continues prices of farm products are sure to come down. Every day the sun shines and there is an absence of frosts will mean just so much more corn, vegetables and fruit. Commission men, while saying that prices at best will be somewhat above the average this fall, admit that the cost of food commodities will be lower than estimated, providing the climatic conditions continue favorable for two or three weeks. Warm weather until the first of next month will insure the ripening of corn, late potatoes, some of the fruits and such garden truck as tomatoes and melons.

Peach and apple trees that were nipped in the spring of course are beyond recovery. A reduction in corn and the freshening of pasturage should be beneficial to the production of milk and stave off the predicted advance in the lacteal fluid.

The peach market may be held down through a decline in demand. House wives, realizing that the price is higher than last year, are not expected to be as eager to purchase canning stock as in previous years.

TOURISTS LOSE BAGGAGE

Thousands of Dollars Worth Stolen From Cunard Pier.

Thieves Would Substitute Labels of Junk Dealers—Three Arrests Made.

New York, Sept. 17.—Thousands of dollars worth of baggage have been stolen in the last three months from the Cunard line steamship pier, 51 North river, the police say, the plan of the thieves being to change the owners' labels on the baggage and to substitute for them labels bearing the names of junk dealers. The Jersey City and local police have now made three arrests, which they declare bear on the case.

James Ralston, of Jersey City, storekeeper on the pier, is locked up here, charged with the larceny of a bundle of wearing apparel valued at $250. The complainant is Hurnus Ravm, of Brooklyn, who alleges that the goods were taken from the pier. The Jersey City police have under arrest Max Cahn and Isaac Schaeffer, proprietors of a junk shop, on the charge that they had in their place goods taken from the pier. The Jersey City police say that they found these goods by the use of search warrants.

THE MARKETS.

Weekly Trade Report.

New York, September 14.—R. G. Dun & Company's weekly review of trade says:

"Retail trade increases at the leading cities as the vacation season closes and the opening of the fall lines is attended with most satisfactory results. As the staple crops are secured and marketed there is a prompt improvement in mercantile collections throughout the agricultural districts and the decline in prices was especially helpful in stimulating export trade. There is still much conservatism in placing contracts for future business and decreased speculation is another factor that aids in restoring normal financial conditions.

"Postponed business is coming more freely to the steel mills and there is less disposition to wait for more favorable conditions. Structural steel shapes are constantly ordered, especially for bridge work, and the railways seek all forms of supplies in larger quantity than was expected for some months on account of the financial pressure. There is still some disagreement regarding the price of steel rails under new specifications which call for a better quality than the former standard article that still sells at $28 per ton. Bessemer iron is maintained by the small decrease in output, several more furnaces being blown out for repairs last month than resumed. In the market for minor metals the feature was a further decline in the price of copper, stocks accumulating in the hands of producers, while many consumers waited for the predicted fall to 15 cents.

"Primary markets for dry goods are seasonably quiet without any evidence of weakness. Manufacturers of cotton goods are in a strong position, having large contracts on hand, and prices are well maintained. New contracts for men's wear woolens appear slowly."

The Grain Markets.

Toledo, O., Sept. 16.—Wheat was higher this morning on firm cables and the general bullish situation abroad. Confirmation of frost damage in the northwest tended to elevate prices. Liverpool was ⅝d to ½d up. World's shipments were lighter than last week or a year ago. The amount of wheat on passage was about a million bushels greater than a year ago. Cash and September opened ¼c up at 95c and soon after the start gained an even cent. December at 88⅝c was ¼c higher. The noon price was 93⅝c. Up ⅜c at $1.04¾. May ascended to $1.05¼ before noon.

Late in the session the wheat market developed into a nervous affair. Lack of export demand was bearish. Argentine raised 23,000,000 bushels more this year than last. Liverpool closed ⅞@1¼d lower. Commission houses appeared quiet. Perfect harvesting conditions were reported from the Canadian northwest. The closes were: Cash and September 95½c, December 99⅛c, May $1.05¼.

Warmer weather and a more liberal movement prevent corn from gaining. The amount of corn on passage was less than a year ago. Liverpool stood unchanged to a shade lower. World's shipments were slightly greater than a year ago. Cash corn opened ⅛c off at 67c, but was back to the previous close before noon. Down ½c at 66c, September also gained the amount lost within a half hour. December lost ½c in opening at 56½c. A gain of ¼c was reported during the first hour. May was back to 58c, the previous close, after opening ¾c off at 58c.

Love and commission houses bought corn shortly after 10 a. m. on the break. Liverpool closed ½d off. The Toledo corn finals were: Cash 67½c, September 67½c, December 56¾c, May 57¾c.

Oats lost ⅛c in all options but May, which was off ½c. Cash was quoted at 53¼c, September at 53c, December 52¼c and May at 52½c.

Trade in oats grew dull with prices slightly up. The visible supply showed a big increase. Cash closed at 53½c; September at 53½c, December at 52¼c and May at 52½c.

Clover seed prices were slightly weaker. On some country selling and a rather liberal offerings. Cash was down 10c at $10.05, October 5c off at $10.10 and December and March 5c lower at $9.35.

Closes in clover seed showed cash 15c off at $10.00; October 20c lower at $10.00 and December and March 5c lower at $9.35.

TOLEDO.

	Open.	High.	Low.	Close Sept16.	Sept14
Wheat—					
Cash	95	96	....	95½	94⅜
Sept.	95	96	....	95½	94⅜
Dec.	98⅜	99⅝	....	99¼	99¼
May	1.04⅝	1.05½	....	1.05½	1.04⅝
Corn—					
Cash	67	....	....	67¼	67¼
Sept.	66	....	....	67½	66½
Dec.	56¼	57¼	....	56⅝	57
May	57½	58	....	57⅞	58
Oats—					
Cash	53¼	....	....	53½	53½
Sept.	53¼	....	....	53½	53½
Dec.	52¼	52⅝	....	52½	52½
May	52½	52⅞	....	52½	52⅝
Clover seed—					
Cash (old)	....	....	....	9.75	9.75
Cash	10.05	....	....	10.0	10.15
Oct.	10.10	....	....	10.00	10.20
Dec.	9.35	....	9.30	9.35	9.40
March	9.35	....	....	9.35	9.40
Rye—					
No. 1	....	....	....	88	88½
No. 2	....	....	....	87	87½
No. 3	....	....	....	83	85½
Timothy —					
Prime	....	....	....	2.30	2.30
Alsike—					
Prime	....	....	....	9.35	9.30

CHICAGO.

Wheat—					
Sept.	95	95¼	94½	94⅝	94½
Dec.	98⅝	99⅜	98⅝	99	98⅜
May	1.04⅝	1.05⅝	....	1.04⅞	1.04⅜
Corn—					
Sept.	59	....	....	59⅜	59⅞
Dec.	56¼	56¾	55⅞	56⅜	57⅛
May	57⅝	57⅞	56⅞	57⅜	58⅛
Oats—					
Sept.	53	53¼	....	52⅞	52⅝
Dec.	51⅝	51⅝	....	51⅛	52
May	52⅝	53	52⅜	52⅛	53

NEW YORK.

Wheat—					
Sept.	....	....	....	....	1.04⅜
Dec.	1.07⅜	....	....	1.07⅛	1.